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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE STOCK EXCHANGE AS IT APPEARED AT THE HEIGHT OF THE ERIE EXCITEMENT.—SEE PAGE 73.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1872.

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THE MILITARY RING.

MUCH has been said of late concerning that clique of staff-officers which the President of the United States has collected, or permitted to gather about his Administration, as barnacles gather on the ship's bottom, called "The Military Ring."

And we wish it understood, in what we may have to say now, and hereafter, of the shortcomings of Grant's Administration, and of the delinquencies and obvious usurpations of the Ring, that we do not underrate the patriotism of the soldiers of high or low degree who gave their services to the Republic.

We have spoken of this as a Ring of staff-officers; not that we would make a distinction between the line and staff of the army, but for the reason that this particular Ring happens to be mostly, if not entirely, composed of men who served on Grant's staff in the last war.

And, considering the circumstances attending its origin and gradual usurpation of governing power—that is to say, as governing is understood by Grant, to wit, the holding of office, as a legacy or inheritance—it is very obvious why none but staff-officers have ever been admitted to the financially profitable manipulations of this aggregation of trafficking patriots.

General Slocum, for instance, could not be a Ringer.

Free, aside from his personal inclinations,

which are unlike those of the public papsucking leech, he was a fighter; and your fighters had no time for plunder, and were not in the way of getting into the plundering line when the fighting was over.

He fought the first two years and a half of the war in the Sixth Army Corps—where contracting was not extensively practiced—and went West, and fought with Sherman to the end.

Then, this fighter, with his staff, returned to civil life.

There was no other alternative.

The rebellion had been crushed, and beyond that, your fighter could only see the labors and duties of his former life.

But it was far otherwise with those staff-officers who constitute this Ring.

They had no idea of taking up any of the legitimate pursuits of civil life, for they were soldiers by profession.

And, as the staff invariably reflects the opinions and principles of the general commanding, when Grant had been elected to the Presidency, which he regarded as an estate inherited, rather than as an exalted trust, of course his staff came to be of the opinion that they ought to be joint legatees with their principal, as they claimed to have shared with him those privations and hardships which the inheritance was evidently intended to cover; and they set about to divide the property, each according to his assumed merits and necessities.

And the Ringers made much profitable progress in their nefarious traffic, both because they were admirably suited by nature to the business, and because of their experience in that line during the war.

You know, it is the common belief that this staff participated with him in all those skirmishes and battles which form the basis of Grant's former greatness.

It is true of some of them.

General Rawlins saw much, if not all, of the rough-and-tumble of the field; and, for that matter, furnished the brain basis of most of Grant's campaigns.

But while Grant and Rawlins were pegging away at the enemy in front, Babcock and Porter were just as industriously, and rather more ardently, pitching into beef-and-bread contracts in the rear.

And Babcock, as a contract-fighter, was known to combine all the dash of Rawlins with all the dogged persistency of Grant.

And with the assistance of such of his relatives and friends as had not gone to the front, he made something of a success of it.

General Rawlins died poor, very poor. Indeed, it was related of him, that when he went to Washington to take charge of the War Department, he was unable to furnish himself with proper clothing. Whereas Babcock, who is of a vigorous mercantile turn of mind, had his mess with Porter and the sutler Colonel Leet, which was a mess of such large meat and wine proportions, that Leet had to call on the New York Custom House to help him out with his share.

Neither Porter or Babcock had any more income from outside sources than General Rawlins; their pay was not so large. And it is difficult to account for the poverty of General Rawlins and the decent affluence of Porter, Babcock and Leet, unless you take into consideration the two kinds of fighting they followed.

For there is not a commissary's clerk who survived that war—and dead men of that grade were scarcer than dead mules—but will tell you it is pleasanter by far, and more profitable, to superintend the killing of Northern cattle than Southern men.

How do you suppose, gentle taxpayer, that Brigadier-General Badeau came to be appointed Consul-General at London—the most lucrative foreign position inherited by Grant and his staff?

He was not an extensive producer of orphans on the battle-field.

He never killed but one man, and then he used, not the sword, but the pen, and carefully preserved his victim in a bottle for the admiration of future ages.

How do you suppose Orville—the veracious—came to be selected for the diplomatic duties of the proposed Santo Domingo acquisition?

Was there no member of the State Department, no public men of experience in such matters, whose services could be secured?

Where had he learned those lessons of diplomacy which were to be employed in the extension of the public domain?

In the history of what other Administration do you find it recorded that a mere boy understrapper has sailed the seas over in Government vessels, with his flippant covanents of the President of the United States, and his leases of foreign waters, as if he were the Republic, and the public treasury his private purse?

How do you suppose General Pleasanton could have secured the appointment of Commissioner of Internal Revenue but for the assistance of that other staff-officer and conspicuous flinger, General Ingalls?

And will ye deny, ye ardent defenders of this immaculate Administration, that Pleasanton would have been Commissioner still, but for his refusal to yield to the Ingalls dictation in the matter of the adjustment of the tax of the New York Central Railway?

Mr. Boutwell killed Pleasanton, the Ringers will tell you. So he did.

But he had not been permitted to kill him, if Pleasanton had not kicked out of the King traces.

Why did he not kill the rapacious Leet?

Mr. A. T. Stewart thought he was fit to kill nearly two years since.

But he lives—a credit to White House Ring society—the slyest, shrewdest Ringer of them all.

And we cannot add any stronger or better testimony against this Ring, which rules and robs this land to an extent unknown before, than this we give below—the testimony of a man whose patriotism and bravery no one dared question in war, and whose probity and scrupulous honesty not even the Ringers dare question in peace:

"If a citizen would pay his respects to the chief magistrate, he must first pass in review at the White House before three or four brigadier-generals. If we desire to negotiate for the purchase of an island in the sea, the negotiation must be carried on by a brigadier-general. If the merchants of New York wish storage for their goods, they must go to a colonel of the staff. We can hardly pass a bill through Congress without the aid at least of a field-officer."

"For the good of the country, and particularly for the good of the army, I would in this respect gladly see a return to old customs. I believe a majority of our officers sympathize with me in this desire, and the few who seek preferment by becoming violent partisans would do well to bear in mind that while military men hold positions for life, a political party in our country can at best hold power but for a few brief years. The military gentlemen who, by reason of their zeal in behalf of a political party, are basking in the sunshine of official favor, should remember that

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small."

CONTAGIOUS CURRENCY.

THERE is now before Congress a bill pending, the result of which will be to cause the national banks of the United States to call in their present issue, and replace it by new bills.

There is no proposition now before that body which so warmly commends itself to the great mass of the people. The currency of the country is now mainly the bills of these national banks, which bear date from 1861 and 1865, and most of them have been in circulation for many years. The result is, that they are generally exceedingly soiled, offensive to the senses, and injurious to the health. Many of them have been handled by persons engaged in the filthiest employments, to say nothing of the comparatively clean hands of blacksmiths, butchers, fishermen, rag and fat-collectors. But worse than this, they are saturated with diseases of various kinds; measles, itch, and more especially smallpox, are materially spread by the bank-bill passing, thus impregnated, from hand to hand, and from city to country. The farmer who sends his chickens and corn to market is badly repaid by a bunch of greasy bills, which bear with them these foul maladies.

It is stated by competent medical men to be a received opinion that the present smallpox epidemic is in no little degree advanced, if not caused, by the public inoculation through infected bank-bills. Every man in the smallpox hospitals pays for his board, luxuries, carriage-hire, and his thousand little expenses, by a porous paper bill, passing through his hands even when issuing disease through every pore. When our circulation was metallic, such accidents were possibilities, not necessities; and these bills are never redeemed by the national banks, but go on indefinitely, contaminating and destroying life.

It is a comparatively small matter to say that these bills are, many of them, so tattered and mutilated as to be very suggestive of the rags from which they were created. Little by little they wear away, until a time comes when some sharp one suggests that an eighth or a quarter is gone, and this loss falls—not upon the bank that has issued it, and who should have been compelled to redeem it years ago and supply its place by a fresh bill—but the loss falls upon the last holder. This one is generally among the poorest class in the country. The rich man will refuse such a bill from his debtor. It is the day-laborer and the poor washer-woman—the dependent—who receives his wage like a charity, and who is supposed not to be too particular, or who is too ignorant to know better.

In cities there are some clean bills. The husband strives hard to furnish his wife with clean money for shopping; but in the country, money of every kind is so scarce, that the farmer is glad enough to take any bill for his products, but when he goes to pay off his mortgage or its interest, then he has to make up the loss.

So great is the demand for "clean money," that any city bank might indefinitely increase its circulation by declaring itself ready to exchange new money for old. We call upon

Congress to pass an act compelling the national banks to call in their notes for a re-issue every two or three years; to form a bar in every large city where clean money may be demanded for dirty and diseased bills. There is more disease engendered by bad bills than by bad meats in our markets. The officer should be compelled to exchange and burn all the money paid out at Blackwell's Island Smallpox Hospital. Would it not be cheaper to prevent the smallpox by destroying this method of public inoculation than by general vaccination, which is now so loudly called for with the newspaper headings of the "Great increase of this fatal epidemic?"

It is impossible otherwise to account for the fact that this loathsome disease is now so prevalent, in the country as well as the cities, throughout Europe as well as America, except by the fact that there was never before such a volume of paper currency so rapidly circulating all over the world from man to man.

This necessity we admit, but its evils can be mitigated. We at least can have a fresh circulation, as of the United States Treasury notes and the fractional postal currency, which are constantly canceled and renewed.

It is bad enough to think that these rags were once the refuse clothing of the vilest and worst of Italian lazaroni and filthy Asiatics and Africans—perhaps the exhumed cerements of Egyptian mummies—but let us at least think that water, soda and chlorine have since purified them, and not that they are foul and noisome with recent abominations.

CERTAINLY ON A STABLE FOUNDATION.

WE have had occasion lately to comment very freely on the shaky condition of our State Department, but a revelation just made compels us to admit that it is certainly based upon a stable foundation!

Our Lenten Secretary of State, in asking, like Oliver Twist, "for more," in the shape of \$1,000,000 appropriation for the construction of the new Department building, for which a half-million appropriation has been made already for the coming fiscal year, submits the architect's statements in relation to the progress already made.

The architect, unfortunately, being one of those persons disapproved of by the astute Talleyrand as having "too much zeal," does not confine himself to facts and figures and measurements, but tries to whitewash the Seneca Stone Job as well, as the "best and cheapest" material on which houses as well as officials may be built up. The Seneca Stone Ring, with its Presidential head, will doubtless give small thanks to the superserviceable architect who calls attention to those material interests, about which silence were more discreet than speech. But it is evident that the architect has a fellow-feeling for these brother-architects—of their own fortunes at public expense.

But this is not the most instructive and curious point contained in this report of the expansive architect of the new Department building.

In it we find the extraordinary confession, that out of the sum appropriated by Congress for the construction of a State Department building, twenty-seven thousand dollars had been taken to build a stable for the President's horses, adjoining the President's mansion. If this be not putting the State Department on a stable foundation, we do not know how that feat could be more skillfully accomplished.

Since the days of the Roman Emperor who made his horse a Consul, and fed him from a golden manger, we know of no such honors paid or public expenses incurred for the noble animal in which our President, like Caligula, finds his most congenial associate. But capacious or cynical public servants, such as Schurz or Trumbull, who are old-fashioned in their notions, may ask by what or whose authority this stable foundation has been laid, and sarcastically intimate, that although longer-eared animals than the horse may be lodged and fed within the precincts of the Department of State, yet therein can be found no warrant to convert the meditated building, even in part, into an actual horse-stable.

We venture on this suggestion with fear and trembling, lest FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER may be put under the ban for the new crime of incivism, devised by Senator Conkling, as applicable to all who ask impertinent questions and demand investigation into the acts of our so-called public servants, but actual masters, at the White House, under the revival of exploded and forgotten alien and sedition laws. But the theme is a terribly tempting and suggestive one to a caricaturist as well.

FOILED BY A WOMAN AT LAST.

THE Tichborne case, one of the most remarkable in legal annals, has just closed by the utter rout of the claimant, and his indictment for perjury.

This case, which has been running for the last six months, and which has excited im-

mense interest all over the world, has turned simply on a question of identity. The plaintiff claimed to be the long-lost heir of Tichborne, who, like Byron's *Lara*, had disappeared for more than twenty years, and was supposed to be dead.

The defendants, who are in possession of the property, an old and valuable one, dating back to the days of the Conqueror, insisted that the claimant was an impostor, who had known the true heir in Australia and South America, and thus gained the information by which he was enabled to personate him, there being in addition some personal resemblance between the two.

In a late number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we gave a picture of the butcher's shop in Australia, which the pretended baronet left to institute this suit for the recovery of the title and estates of the Tichborne family.

For months past the highest legal talent has been arrayed on both sides of this truly dramatic trial, and public opinion has been so equally divided as to render the result very uncertain.

As a proof of the impression in his favor, we may cite the fact that the enormous expenses of the trial have been met by the issue of bonds by the plaintiff, which, of course, would be valueless in the result of his losing. Yet, until now, he has found no difficulty in disposing of them.

The mother declared the man to be her long-lost son; the old friends were about equally divided in opinion; but a cousin and old lady-love of the true Roger Tichborne, and whose character this man assailed, denied his identity from the first moment, and has done more to discredit and defeat the claimant than all the lawyers and all the witnesses put together.

This lady, Mrs. Radcliffe, a very beautiful woman, once the "cousin Katie" of Tichborne, but now the mother of several children, a lady of unblemished character, declares the man not to be her cousin Roger, and has adduced such proofs as to make it certain, unless she has perjured herself.

She swore that Roger Tichborne, her cousin, to whom she was engaged, left Tichborne on the 11th February, 1852, and that she had never seen him since. He then gave her some written papers, acknowledging their engagement, and making a pledge of total abstinence.

She swore that the statements made by the claimant were untrue, and that he was ignorant of many circumstances the true Roger must have remembered. She further testified to certain tattoo-marks which the true Roger had, and the claimant had not, and pointed out marked differences of personal appearance which the lapse even of twenty years could not have caused, being structural differences.

She swore that she was perfectly certain the man was not her cousin Roger.

The two Mr. Seymours, members of Parliament, and well-known English gentlemen, uncles of Roger Tichborne, who had known him well, sustained the opinion of Mrs. Radcliffe, and swear they have not the slightest doubt he is an impostor.

Supported thus, the lady's testimony, which otherwise might have been imputed to a desire to save her own character from the imputations this man had cast upon it, seems overwhelming.

The cable tells us that the suit has failed, but as yet we have not the particulars. Certain it is—and curious as certain—that the first unraveling of this twisted skein is due to the hands of a woman.

In all the long catalogue of legal frauds and false personations, if this be proven to be another, there is none more audacious, more ingenious, nor more nearly successful, than this Tichborne case, which must ever rank among the "causes célèbres" of English Jurisprudence.

Nothing but the defects of the impostor's early education and early training seems to have stood between himself and success. But these instilled suspicions which aided in accumulating the crushing weight of the testimony of the one human being who, even more than his mother, had the right to judge of his identity.

Take it for all in all, a stranger case never was presented for the decision of judge and jury than this.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

RE-ELECTION OF GENERAL GRANT.

No. I.

IN adopting the subjoined signature, I aspire to its spirit, not its style.

This writer is a Republican, well known to the editor of this journal. He writes neither for pay, nor for the hope of profit, nor for notoriety. If he can do a political good by a sincere endeavor, his reward will be complete.

These numbers will be leveled against the re-election of General Grant. His partisan re-nomination, I fear, is a foregone conclusion of the office-holders.

If what the writer says shall fail to successfully address the reason of his readers, he will surely fail; for all passion, demagogism, claptrap and offensive personality shall be studiously avoided.

When I, with thousands of others, went vigorously for the election of President Grant for his present term, I was impelled by the force of circumstances. Loyalty had then no alternative, in that condition of chaos, but to yield the blood-bought successes of the war to an uncertain, and what looked to be a disastrous, fate, or to commit these to the care and guardianship of the most lucky soldier, and the most popular, that the Union side of the horrid struggle had developed. All of us went into that campaign in the same doubtful spirit. Neither leaders nor people felt any personal magnetism from the man. Nothing but the result of the war—no fire in General Grant's words, no marked brilliancy in his conduct—inspired anybody. The fight was simply for the Cause. His selection was one of hard necessity to a thinker who had read enough and seen enough to know the fact that, to place a delicate constitutional government like ours under the care of a wilful soldier, was to chance a hazardous and abnormal condition. Besides, outside of his war record, I was then, like all the rest of us, in the same perfect ignorance that we are in now as to who General Grant is. He has no more figured in our history, antecedent to the war, than has Julius Caesar. Who he is, except as one of many fortunate generals, and as the lucky one who crushed the shell of the collapsed rebellion, I even now have no sort of knowledge. Who knows his record? unless that small part of his life that has been exhumed in connection with the Mexican War, in which, it seems, he was a lieutenant? But the then Presidential position was peculiar. The murder of Mr. Lincoln, and the perverseness and want of tact displayed by Andrew Johnson, left the chaotic state of the country no choice but to commit ourselves to the reactionary nonsense promulgated by him, and to the bad record made by Governor Seymour during the war, and by Mr. Blair's most intemperate Letter, or to risk the chances of the purity and statesmanship of the Unknown.

The Unknown was elected. Elected an abnormality under the spirit of our Government, which abhors mere military rule. He was abnormally selected, in abnormal times, which seemed to demand a short interregnum of almost absolute government. We did not adopt him as a monarch, nor vow to perpetuate his dynasty as an emperor; nor did we imagine that we were surrendering the life, soul, object and aim of the Republican Party, founded by men like Greeley and Sumner, and Corwin and Trumbull, and Lincoln and Davis, to the sole will of General Grant, or to that of any one man.

Concede to President Grant, during the past four years, good motives and good resolutions—without knowledge and experience in civil government, of themselves, these, however good, are as valueless to the public as are the prescriptions of amiable quack doctors. We cannot afford to be killed by good intentions. We cannot submit that our newly-baptized Nation, because it has rid itself by the war of the dangerous nonsense of extreme State Right doctrines, shall therefore plunge into the estate of Rome when Caesar had a Senate at his feet, and when, to oppose Caesar, was held by his minions as opposition to, and conspiracy against, the Commonwealth.

My first objection to the re-election of General Grant is, that the necessity for a mere military rule has ceased to exist; and that his abilities, if not military, amount to nothing discernible above those of the masses of men. In his promotion he has had his full reward, under a republican government. We are not a warlike nation, with the gates of Janus, who worship war and its heroes. On the contrary, we see destruction to our liberties in the cultivation of such a spirit; whose effects are now seen in the force and fraud which, through the agency of the office-holders and the mere tools of the President, have recklessly, audaciously and without any liberal or fair consultation, forced the re-nomination of General Grant upon the Philadelphia Convention, manifestly against the will of the older and better soldiers of the party; men known—as President Grant is not—to the American record, as Republicans, statesmen, politicians and publicists. During his Presidential term, General Grant's policy has resolved itself into collecting taxes, forcing the payment of the war debt, the adoption of a dubious arbitration in the Alabama matter, an amiable Indian policy, a clamor against Ku-Klux, and the suggestion of Santo Domingo. I am not disposed to debate these matters; but every one of them is merely ministerial and commonplace. Anybody can collect taxes, or accede to an arbitration, or plan a foreign acquisition, or wield the force of a State placed under his control. Overtopping and overshadowing all these matters of policy has been His Will, as seen in a military bureaucracy, which he has ruled by simple despotism. All the departments of the Government have been pigeon-holed and controlled—even to the abasement of his partisans in the U. S. Senate—by his personal will. Who else but himself has had an independent will in his Government, who has not been either sacrificed or denounced by his retainers? The insult to Senator Sumner as Chairman of the Foreign Committee, to Secretary Cox, and the ribaldry which the Administration journals are now heaping on the heads of Schurz, Greeley, Trumbull and such men, partially answer the above question; while the flat docility of Senators Morton and Conkling mingles one's cheeks with blushes. At the outset he disposed of the substantial features of the Tenure of Office Act; and, could he have had full swing, he would have repealed a law to secure a favorite as Secretary of the Treasury. In all his appointments he has dabbled on in the same personal, wilful, narrow and imperious way, until the honest sense of the country cannot fail to see that General Grant prefers money, retainers (vassals of his will) and aristocracy over independent thinkers, hard work and democratic duty.

Around the President is a personal political family and Military Ring, outside of which he seldom peeps. If he travels he awakens no enthusiasm, but is reserved and almost sullen in his intercourse with the masses, whom he seems to regard, as the general does his file, as mere machines. His main civic adviser is Governor Morton—a recent convert from Andrew Johnson—whose sole Senatorial power (has he any other?) is purely sectional and partisan; for he seems to know nothing outside of charging upon the Democracy of 1864, and on the ghost of the now rotten rebellion. This Senator keeps himself hoarse with discordant sectional brawling, and in denunciations of all Republicans who do not worship General Grant. Alas! how pitifully true is this! Outside of this influence, General Grant is obviously in the hands of the Monetary and Military Rings. His example and tastes are those never before illustrated by an American President—for horses, luxury, watering-places, presents, nepotism, and a perfect disregard of what the public think of such matters.

These things grow naturally out of the narrow character of a military man suddenly plucked from obscurity and thrust into fame and power by the force of the rude element of war. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that General Grant has progressed so far as to declare himself the party, and to (as he has done) its machinery by force, bribery, fraud and terror; to announce, through his satellites, that deserters from him are conspirators and traitors, who must be shot down. All this is natural to General Grant, who plans a political campaign for the succession as he would a military one.

Shall we go on at this rate, or shall the conservative sense of Republicans admit that there are other men entitled to gratitude, confidence and regard in the Republican Party, as well as this Man of Yesterday, who has sapped full of honors and rewards. Do our wide bounds contain but one man? Is this to be the "lame and impotent conclusion" of that great Republican Party whose mission is to restore, to pacify, to build up from the wreck of war, and to develop a grand statesmanship out of the appealing and almost helpless interests, now drifting at the mercy of wind and tide?

Is the Philadelphia Convention to register a despotical decree?

Shall the masses at Cincinnati give the order to Halt?

I cannot conclude this number without a remark on the conduct of the Administration proper in regard to the investigation progressing as to the Sale of Arms. Whether or not the investigation shall result in honor or shame to the War Office, is it not monstrous that an Administration should seek, by threats and defamations, to prevent the American Senate from an examination into such a proceeding? In no one point has the Executive branch exhibited a more imperious and dangerous feature than it has in this.

JUNIUS.

NEW YORK FOR THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

CALL FOR THE LIBERAL CONVENTION.

TO COLONEL WILLIAM M. GROSVENOR, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Liberal Republican Convention of Missouri, Washington, D. C.

SIR: We, Republicans of New York, wish to express our concurrence in the principles lately set forth by the Liberal Republicans of Missouri.

We make this departure from the ordinary methods of party action from a deep conviction that the organization to which we belong is under the control of those who will use it chiefly for personal purposes, and obstruct a free expression of opinion upon the important matters which the gentlemen whom you represent have laid before the people of the United States.

We believe that the time has come when the political offenses of the past should be pardoned; that all citizens should be protected in the enjoyment of the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution; that Federal taxation should be imposed for revenue, and so adjusted as to make the burden upon the industry of the country as light as possible; that a reform in the Civil Service should be made which will relieve political action from the influence of official patronage; that the right of local self-government, the foundation of American freedom, should be reasserted, and the encroachments of Federal power checked; and we also believe that at this time a special duty rests upon the people to do away with corruption in office.

The exposures recently made in this State have brought to light evils which are not confined to one party, nor to a single locality, and disclose dangers more formidable than any which the Republic has yet encountered.

With the hope that the movement begun in Missouri may spread through all the States, and influence every political party, we accept the invitation to meet in National Mass Convention at the city of Cincinnati on the first Wednesday of May next, and we invite all Republicans of New York who agree with us to co-operate in our action.

HENRY R. SELDEN, HENRY D. LLOYD, HENRY A. CONKLING, WM. WOODRICH, WM. DORSEIMER, WALDO HUTCHINS, SINCLAIR TOUSEY, HIRAM BARNEY, SIGISMUND KAUFMANN, E. G. SQUIER, E. KRACKOWIZER, FREEMAN J. FITHIAN, IRA O. MILLER, GEORGE P. BRADFORD, EDWIN R. REYNOLDS, BENJAMIN A. WILLIS, WILLIAM H. BRIGGS, HORACE BEMIS, LOUIS LOWENTHAL.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Rat Hunt in the Sewers of Paris.

The sewers of Paris are constructed on a grand scale, so large, that large parties of curious visitors frequently make tours through them. The only permanent inhabitants of these lower regions are the rats, which exist here in abundance. Occasionally some dog-fancier indulges in the sport of introducing a few terriers through the gratings which are placed at the intersections, and then, with the aid of a lantern, through the opening a lively scene is witnessed, and the powers of the dogs thoroughly tested.

The National Thanksgiving in England.—Floral Pavilion in New Oxford Street, London.—Children Singing "God Save the Queen."

One of the finest displays in London during the late thanksgiving demonstration, was the Bloomsbury Pavilion, near Muddie's Library, at the junction of Museum, Hart, and New Oxford Streets. It was put up at the expense of the united parishes of St. George and St. Giles, the committee having been disappointed of finding contractors to undertake the erection of a triumphal arch. It was of circular form, and large enough for the accommodation of thirty members of the 5th Middlesex Volunteer brass band. This pavilion was constructed by Mr. Simpson, of Tottenham-Court-Road, from designs by Mr. Peacock, architect. Its adornment with foliage and flowers was furnished by Mr. Blamp, who decorated the whole line of street with floral festoons.

As the royal carriages started from Buckingham Palace they were first greeted, on coming out of the courtyard, by many thousands of children of the charity-schools and Sunday-schools in London and its neighborhood. These boys and girls, under the care of their school-teachers, were collected in the bay of the Green Park railings, close to the palace, by an arrangement made between Mr. G. W. Martin, their musical-director, and the Metropolitan Board of Works. They sang the National Anthem as the Queen and the Prince and Princess went by, at the outset of the procession, and waited three hours and a half, till the procession returned down Constitution Hill, when they sang the new Thanksgiving Hymn, specially composed by Mr. Martin. It may here be mentioned that similar performances of hymns by school children took place at St. Mary's Church, in the Strand, on the Holborn Viaduct, and at the triumphal arch in Regent Circus.

The End of the Tichborne Case.

On the 103d day of this famous trial, it came to a sudden termination. The jury having declared themselves satisfied with the proofs already brought forward by the defendant's counsel, a nonsuit was agreed to by the counsel for the plaintiff, who was the person calling himself Sir Roger Tichborne, and claiming the estate. The Lord Chief Justice then ordered that person to be committed for trial on a charge of per-

jury, and issued a warrant for his arrest. Immediately after the rising of the Court at Westminster Hall, Mr. Superintendent Williamson, the head of the metropolitan detective police force, accompanied by Inspector Clarke and two other officers, went to the Waterloo Hotel, in Jermyn Street, and there arrested the claimant. They found him in a sitting-room, which he had occupied there for some time. He was joined after the arrival of the officers by one of the firm of solicitors by whom his case has been conducted, and by a friend—a gentleman of some position. The superintendent told him that it would be his duty to apprehend him on a charge of wilful and corrupt perjury, committed in the trial of the suit of "Tichborne v. Lushington," at Westminster. Bail in £10,000 not being given, he was taken into custody. He and the superintendent went to Newgate in the claimant's own brougham, and the other detectives followed in a cab. There was very little stir at the hotel or in the neighborhood, and it was not until the carriage reached Ludgate Hill, where it was stopped by the traffic, that the well-known form of the claimant was recognized, and cries were raised of "Sir Roger," "Arthur Orton" and "Wagga-Wagga," causing some commotion. By the time the vehicle reached the entrance to the jail, about two o'clock in the afternoon, a large crowd had assembled, and as the claimant and superintendent left the carriage a cheer was raised, which the former acknowledged in his accustomed manner.

Roman Maskers and the Priest.

Our engraving represents a characteristic scene in the Roman Carnival. A party of students are enjoying the hilarity and license of the season. A motley crew they are, with heads of monsters—a cock, a skull, a devil, and a Bismarck? There's an unfortunate priest in the midst of them "in limbo pent." Whoop! Hiddle diddle, the priest's in the middle! Haul out and round they go, such jolly dogs are they, till the priest grows giddy. "We know you, we know you, by your red nose; you are a Papalino!"

Popular Demonstrations in Antwerp against the Count de Chambord.

The Count de Chambord was made the victim of a hostile demonstration in Antwerp the other day, two phases of which we illustrate. The first represents the scene in front of the Hotel Saint-Antoine, where the count was stopping. The populace hissed the count, threw sticks and stones, and would doubtless have broken into the place and done further violence, had not a large body of gendarmes promptly made their appearance and dispersed them. The second shows the scene in one of the public squares of the city, in which a large and threatening crowd had again collected. The police charged them, arrested the ringleaders, and quiet was restored. The count left for Holland after these disturbances, as privately and quickly as possible. These demonstrations indicate a strong popular sympathy, even in monarchical Belgium, with the Republican element in France.

Visit of the Mikado of Japan to the Arsenal of Yokoska.

Toward the end of last December, the Mikado of Japan was induced, through the earnest representations of M. Verni, a French engineer, to visit the arsenal and foundry under his management at Yokoska, and accordingly set out, in great state, in the French steamer *Sagami*, which tendered him a salute of twenty-one guns, and which was placed at his disposal by the enterprising engineer. The Mikado went first to the forge-room, next to the coal-room, and then to the foundry, where our engraving shows him sitting in state on his improvised throne, surrounded by his courtiers, and witnessing the operation by the French workmen of molding his arms, and a formula written in Chinese characters. After this, the Mikado was shown through the workshops, examining the different machines very attentively, and listening carefully to the remarks made by M. Verni. This ended the first day's visit. The next day the Mikado witnessed the operation of docking and undocking vessels, and was present at the ceremony of laying the first stone of a projected reservoir. That evening the steamer was illuminated in the sovereign's honor, and the next day that august personage returned in the same state to Yeddo, to the Imperial mansion.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FARE thee well, Nilsson.

JANASCHEK has not smiled for years.

ITALIAN OPERA flourishes in San Francisco.

MR. SOTHERN will appear at Wallack's next season.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has been reading in Chicago.

PAULINE LUCCA has been "ovated" in St. Petersburg.

THE Majiltons are to cut up didos in California in April.

"GOLD" will be placed on the boards at the Globe on April 8th.

MRS. F. S. CHANFRAU is at the Pittsburgh, Pa., Opera House.

"ARTICLE 47" was produced at the Fifth Avenue on April 2d.

ANNA DICKINSON, it is reported, is to appear on the stage in tragedy.

MR. STRAKOSCH closed, last week, his grand and successful season of opera.

MISS CARLOTTA LE CLERCQ is the attraction at Booth's, in the "Hunchback."

ALEXIS gave Lotta a stunning diamond-bracelet when he was in New Orleans.

MISS BRUSH, a young American singer, has met with a favorable reception in Italy.

OFFENBACH's new opera of "Snowball" has been brought out in splendid style at Vienna.

MR. DALY is to take charge of the Grand Opera House next year. So the gossips say.

LONDON will have Nilsson, Titiens, Marimon, Trebelli-Bettini, Albani, and Capoul, next season.

MR. AND MRS. FLORENCE are to play a three-weeks' engagement at the Boston Globe Theatre.

MILLS, one of our best resident pianists, will give a second series of his delightful matinées in May.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS have been presented to His Holiness the Pope, at the Vatican in Rome.

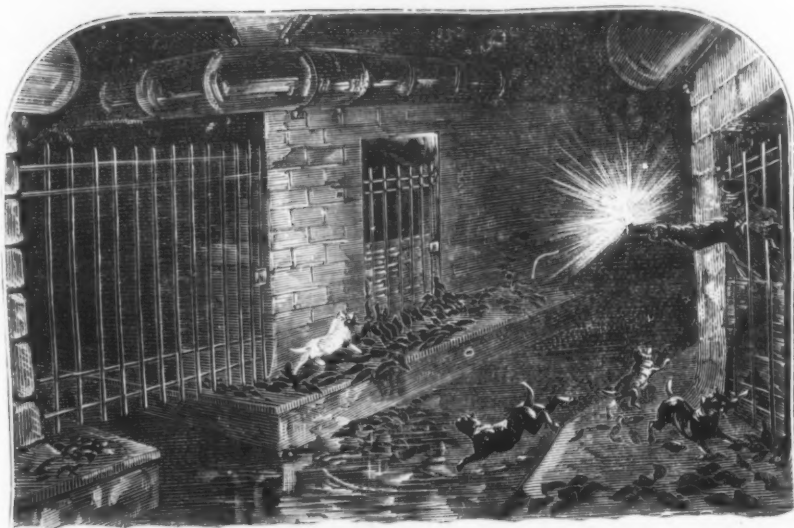
"LALLA ROOKH," the latest spectacular medley, draws immensely at the Grand Opera House, New York.

MRS. JOHN WOOD goes to the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, after the close of her engagement at Niblo's.

MR. WILLIAM CRESWICK, the distinguished English tragedian, returned to Europe by the *Spain* on Saturday, March 30th.

FROM Leipzig we hear of a new pianist of the higher order. The new virtuoso is a young Swedish lady of rare beauty and accomplishments. Her name is Erika Lie, and the most eminent musical critics compare her to Clara Schumann.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



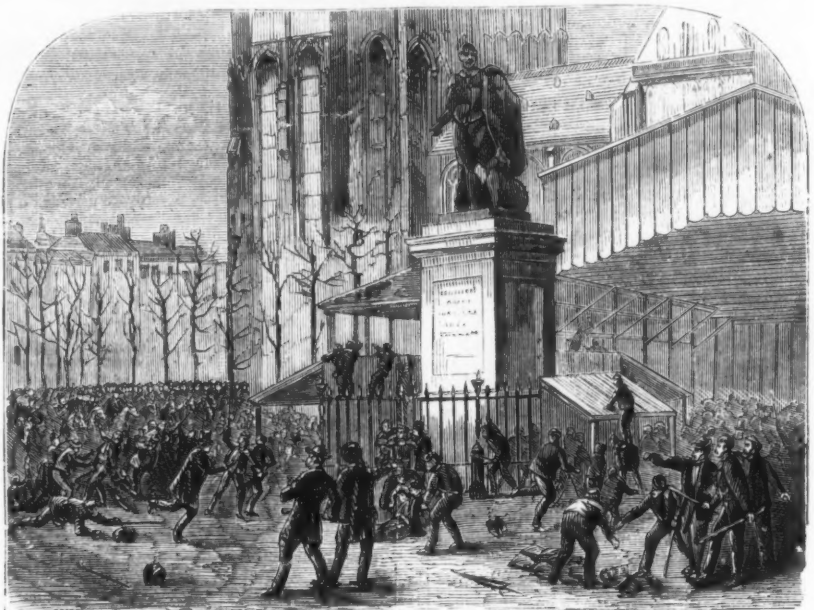
FRANCE.—A RAT-HUNT IN THE SEWERS OF PARIS.



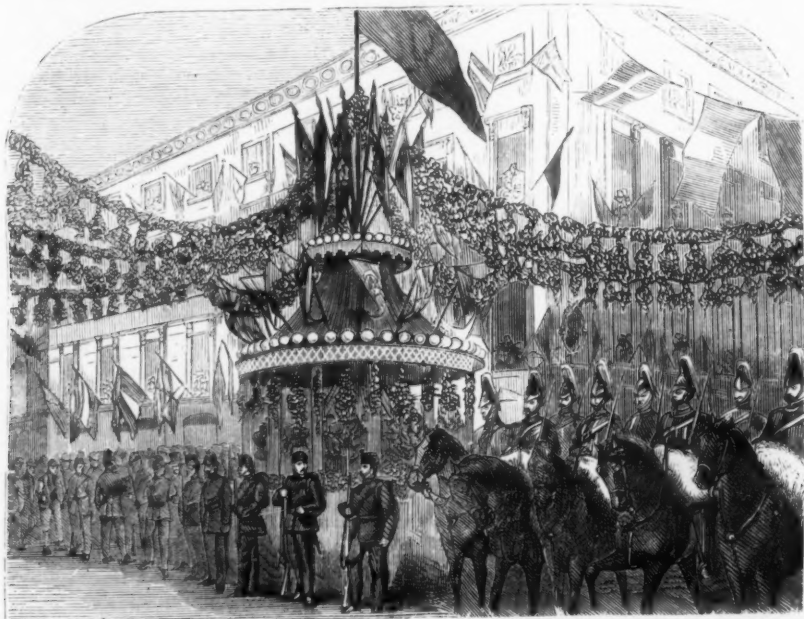
ENGLAND.—THE END OF THE TICHEBONE CASE—ARRIVAL OF THE CLAIMANT AT NEWGATE JAIL.



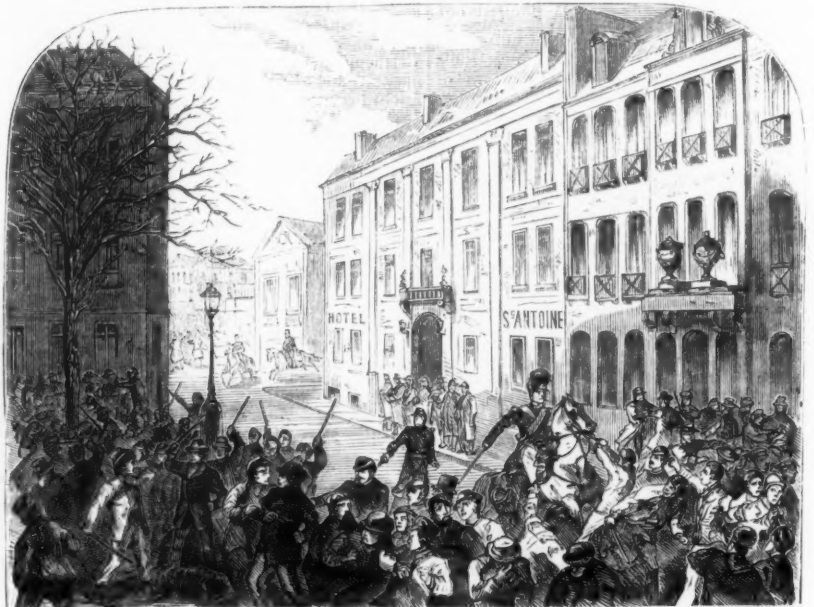
ENGLAND.—SCHOOL-CHILDREN SINGING "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," IN THE GREEN PARK.



BELGIUM.—POPULAR DEMONSTRATION AT ANTWERP AGAINST THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.



ENGLAND.—THANKSGIVING DAY—FLORAL PAVILION IN NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.



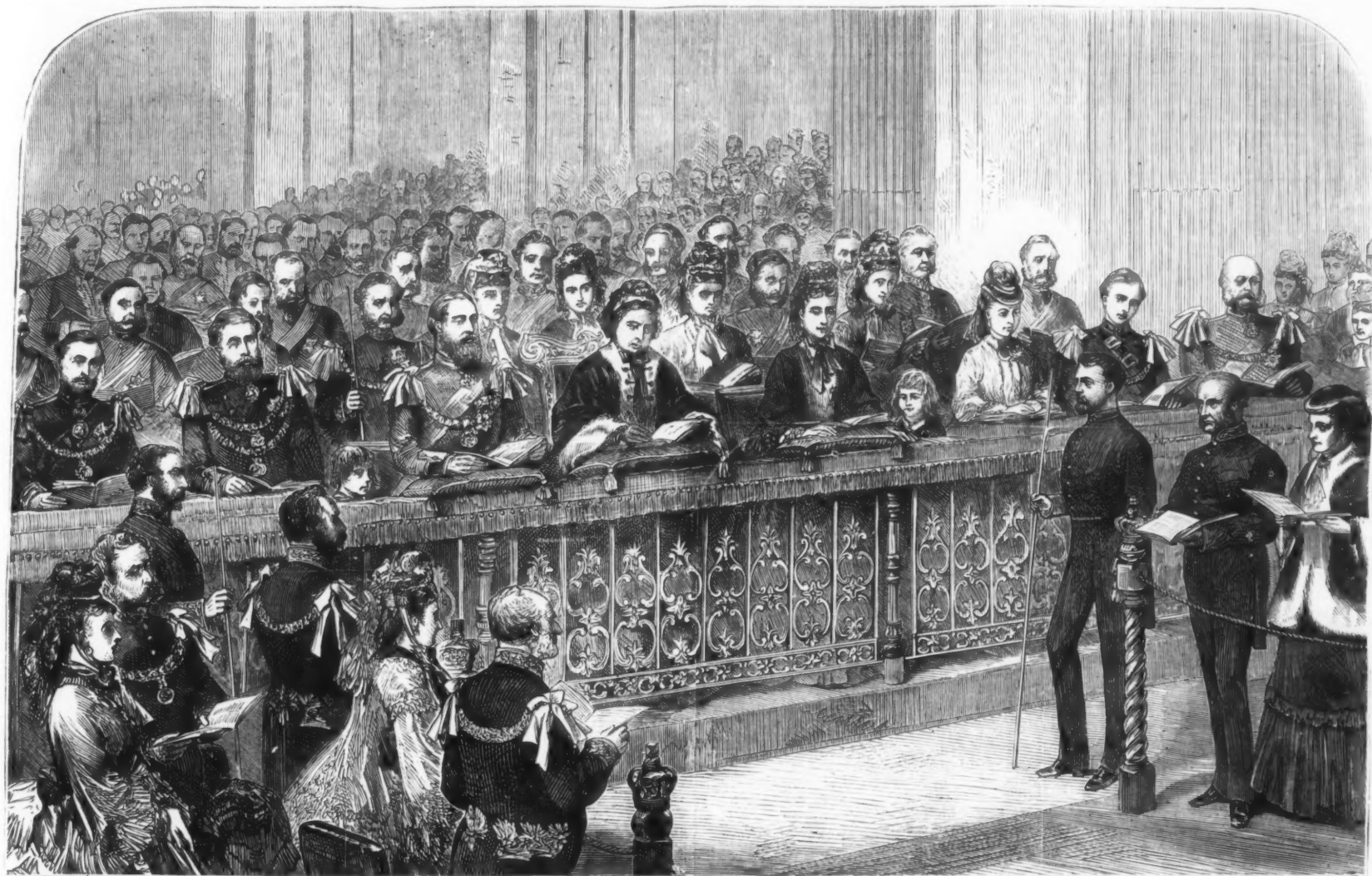
BELGIUM.—THE ST. ANTOINE HOTEL, THE RESIDENCE OF THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD, IN ANTWERP.



ITALY.—ROMAN MASKERS SURROUNDING A PRIEST DURING THE CARNIVAL.



JAPAN.—VISIT OF THE MIKADO TO THE ARSENAL OF YOKOSKA.



ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL PEW IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL DURING THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

THE ROYAL PEW IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL DURING THE THANKSGIVING SERVICES.

THE National Thanksgiving on the 27th of February last, upon the occasion of the recovery of the Prince of Wales, was an event such as the British nation has seldom witnessed. Detailed accounts have already appeared in all the prominent American journals, from which our readers are undoubtedly familiar with the leading incidents of the celebration. We therefore confine our description to the subject of our illustration—the Royal Pew in St. Paul's.

The Queen was received at the Cathedral by the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and by the officers of Her Majesty's household, who were in waiting at St. Paul's. The Queen was simply dressed in a corded black silk dress, trimmed with miniver, and a jacket to match. Her Majesty also wore a black bonnet with black and white feathers and white flowers. The Princess of Wales wore a dress of dark-blue satin, with poionaise of blue velvet, trimmed with fur, and a bonnet of blue velvet, with feathers of the same color. Princess Beatrice wore a dress and jacket of rich mauve silk, trimmed with swan's-down, and a white hat with mauve and white feathers. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a general officer, with the collars of the Orders of the Garter and the Bath. The Duke of Edinburgh wore his naval uniform, with the collars of the Orders of the Garter and the Star of India. Prince Arthur wore the uniform of the Rifle Brigade, with the collars of the Orders of the Garter and St. Patrick. Prince Leopold wore the Highland costume, with the collars of the Orders of the Garter and the Thistle.

The Bishop and the Dean and Chapter preceded Her Majesty from the west entrance up the nave to the Royal Pew in the central area of the Cathedral. Her Majesty had the Prince of Wales on her right, and held his arm; on her left was the Princess of Wales. His Royal Highness was at the same time leading by the hand his eldest son, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Her Royal Highness, in like manner, held the hand of Prince George of Wales. This was an affecting incident in the day's proceedings. The Prince of Wales was able to walk without aid, though his lameness was apparent. He was pale, but not more so than might have been expected, from the suffering he has had to endure.

The Royal Pew, decked with crimson cloth, was raised above the gangway of the nave by four low steps, making a height of about two feet in all from the pavement. This raised space was fenced in by a brass rail, ledged with velvet in the manner of a pew, and with cushions on the front ledge. Her Majesty's armchair was gold and red, and the pew contained fifty other chairs of a plainer sort. The Queen's chair stood on the centre line of the Cathedral's width and just under the west edge of the dome. In the Royal Pew, Her Majesty's chair of state was placed in the centre; on her right were ranged the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Arthur; on her left were the Princess of Wales, Prince George of Wales, Princess Beatrice,

Prince Leopold, and the Duke of Cambridge. The other seats were occupied by the lords, ladies and gentlemen of the royal household.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA was born in Edinburgh, in 1839, her father being the Baron Georgiades de Boyesku, a gentleman of Wallachian birth. Miss Seguin, sister of Edward Seguin, the renowned basso, accepted the hand of the baron, became the sharer of his title, and ultimately the mother of Euphrosyne—the subject of this sketch

Euphrosyne, under the fostering care of her mother, soon exhibited her remarkable gifts of voice, language, and devotion to music and its intricate and trying studies, in all of which she made the most rapid and astonishing proficiency, speaking very fluently five modern languages (English, Italian, French, German, and Spanish), from her earliest childhood.

Although her mother resisted for several years the temptation to fit her daughter for the stage, she did not fail to lay out the groundwork of a most thorough vocal training.

As a mere girl, in 1855, she made her first public appearance in opera, at Malta, making her *début* as *Amina*, in the "Sonnambula," with

a success most brilliant and flattering. This was followed by her appearance in succession in grand opera at Naples, Genoa, Rome, Florence, Madrid, and Lisbon. In 1857, sustained by Gardoni, Ronconi, and Tagliafico, she created a *furor* at the Royal Italian Opera in London, in the "Puritani."

During her stay at Lisbon, King Ferdinand intrusted to her care a letter to the late Prince Albert (his cousin), in which the King not only expatiated on her wonderful qualities as an *artiste*, but especially referred to her extraordinary acquirements as a linguist. Prince Albert, on receiving this letter, resolved to test his royal cousin's judgment, and soon after Miss Euphrosyne was honored with an invitation to visit professionally the Queen and royal family (privately) at Osborne, and it was here that her magnificent vocal powers and unusual proficiency in the various idioms of Europe established her at once in a position in royal and popular favor never accorded to any other *artiste*.

From 1859 to 1866 she remained in London, during which period she was married to a captain in the British army, but became a widow sixteen months after. Subsequent to this event she was induced to accept one of the numerous offers that had been made to her to visit the United States, giving the preference to Mr. H. L. Bateman, with whom she arrived in the Autumn of 1866, with Levy, the famous cornet-player, Carl Rosa, the eminent violinist, whom she subsequently married, and other artists. Her unparalleled triumphs in this country in every branch of music—concert, oratorio and grand opera—are too recent to need repetition here.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

A LARGE company of Washington's literati recently assembled at Hon. Horatio King's, to enjoy his genial hospitality and listen to Mr. Thorp's paper on "Art in Photography." The subject was handled in a masterly style by the brilliant young artist, who is a thorough student of Art in its highest sense. After briefly alluding to the principles of Art in general, Mr. Thorp proceeded to show how far they were applicable to the production of photographic pictures. In speaking of the future progress of Art, the following beautiful passage occurs in his address: "Adown the dim vista of the future this principle shall guide us; emulating the beauties of the past, striving ever onward and upward, improving upon precedent, reaching higher and higher into the realms of yet undiscovered Art, with ever-increasing capacity of appreciation and enthusiastic endeavor to excel. It is yet too soon, by hundreds of years, to place any limits to the possible achievements of Art."

The speaker then proceeded to draw a comparison between the progress of Art and the ascent of a mountain-range, showing that each of the great masters corresponded to the ridges on the mountain-side, carrying Art upward in the general progress by their improvements.

The speaker proceeded to show the powers of photography as a substitute for, and an improvement upon, pencil-drawing, and in a few well-chosen illustrations demonstrated that, rejecting the assistance of photography, where such assistance was admissible, and achieving



SIGNORA PAREPA-ROSA, THE EMINENT PRIMA DONNA, IN THE CHARACTER OF DONNA ANNA, IN "DON GIOVANNI."

to the pencil, drawing has become, since the introduction of photography, the clumsy drudgery of Art.

The leading idea of the essay seemed to be, that although there are countless numbers of pictures produced by photography that have no claims to be considered as works of Art, yet in the hands of educated artists it is capable of producing works of Art of a high order of merit, and especially in the field of portraiture.

The effort was logical and well sustained throughout, and was received with hearty applause.

AN "ACTRESS" OF THE PERIOD.

I HEARD that you wanted a hand, sir,
And thought that I'd pay you a call.
I landed from London last Thursday;
My name is Miss Dorothy Small.

I'm known on the bills as *Grace Gublen*;
The best of credentials, you see.
Oblige me by just glancing over
The letters I carry with me.

They give satisfaction? I thought so.
Your terms are? . . . Well, that sounds
quite fair.

I'll take off my bonnet and show you
The color and length of my hair.

A true British blonde, you will notice;
No humbug, I beg to explain.
The native original stuff, sir,
Untarnished by any vile stain.

(If that didn't tickle the Yankee,
I thought it would be rather odd.)
I sing in all classes of ballads—

"Sweet Home," "Captain Jinks," "Tommy
Dodd."

My dancing, sir, varies from *caneen*
To anything proper you please.
I'd give you a sample, but gracious!
One can't dance in thick shoes like these.

And as for my figure, I grant you
It is rather bony and flat;
But then I "make up" like a Venus—
Of course you know all about that.

THE SISTER'S SECRET.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XIV.

I RAN—I flew up-stairs. I imagined that the announcement of Celestine might have been made premature by her alarm. I hastened along the corridor, and turned the handle of the door of the night-nursery.

A tall figure stood by the small bedstead, near the window. A night-light and a candle diffused a faint but sufficient glare through the large apartment. I approached the figure, and perceived that it was Dr. Jacobson, a practitioner whom the servants had summoned, probably not finding Major Rivers's medical attendant at home.

"It is all over, ma'am," he said, bowing to me, and speaking in a deep bass voice. "The attack was shockingly sudden."

The little creature lay on his back. Only his head was visible. He was wrapped up in clothing, and the hot bath into which he had been plunged still smoked at the foot of the bed. The features were calm, and full of the sad helplessness of death and babyhood. I stood watching him. The great tears blinded my eyes, for the first pang of horror at the unexpectedness of the death had passed away, and I could weep. My festive apparel made the scene more terrible. I abhorred my gleaming dress, my flashing gems; I felt that I had no right to them: to me belonged rather the sable costume of woe! Heaven had struck at the mockery of my assumption by the bitterest, the most painful irony of contrast.

Major Rivers entered the room. He ran at once to the bedside, stared with an appalling expression of eagerness in his eyes into the child's rigid face, then, with a cry, exclaimed: "God! it is true—he is dead! My boy—my little boy!"

His form for the moment seemed convulsed with anguish. I approached him to take his hand, but he broke away from me and addressed the doctor:

"How was it you could not save him?"
"Sir," responded the doctor, "I did all that could be done. But I was called in too late. The fit was strong; the remedies took time, and time was valuable."

The major looked at the body, then turned again furiously upon the doctor.

"You talk of time—was it a question of time or skill?"

"Of both," responded the doctor, without exhibiting the least resentment in his tone.

"But skill should have conquered time."

"Your child had no constitution to withstand the attack. He was extremely delicate. I suspect the existence of internal disorders as co-operating in rendering the attack so rapidly fatal."

The major knelt by the bed, partially bared the child's breast, and commenced rubbing its arms with a half-mad air. I should never have deemed him capable of such anguish as he betrayed. The doctor watched him with a face full of pity. I drew near and spoke in low accents. He took no notice of me; he muttered to the child as if talking to him, then, suddenly leaping to his feet, exclaimed:

"I was laughing and singing when he was in agony! My voice drowned his cry—his death-cry—or I should have heard it. What a wretch I am made by this dress! And you," turning to me with fierce impatience, "tear off that clothing! It gives you an air of rejoicing which is horrible."

I mechanically obeyed—took off my bracelets, my earrings, my necklace, my gloves. He fixed a vacant stare upon me, and then began in a moaning voice to bewail his loss. I slipped from the room, rapidly changed my dress, took the pearls from my hair, and returned. But he was gone. Celestine stood by the little body, sobbing aloud. The doctor was gathering up his hat and stick. He muttered a few words of consolation, told me to see my husband, and left the room.

I hastily went down-stairs, expecting to find the major in his library. I found him there. A small light burned upon the table, and he was staring at it.

I entered noiselessly, kissed him—he did not move—and stood by his side. I hardly knew how to act; but my duty was to be near him, to comfort, to soothe him if I could. He looked at me after a few minutes, peered into my face, and said:

"How is it you are not crying?"
"You do not see my face, or you would trace the presence of bitter tears."

"But he is not your child—you cannot feel."
"He is your child, and therefore mine. Do not make my sorrow torturing by saying I cannot feel."

"Is this a visitation?" he muttered, gloomily. "Has my innocent, my beautiful boy, been made to expiate my fatuity? But that would be revenge: and what has been my wrong that it deserves this punishment?"

There was a silence. He broke forth presently:

"You do not think that because I had not my boy always with me I did not love him? I tell you he was the warm blood in my heart; now that he is dead, my heart will become cold. I prided myself upon him. He typified and perpetuated for me the most sacred sentiment of my life. He was my heir—my honorable heir. He would have carried my name and my fortune with him into the future. Now he is dead: his mother is dead also. Great God! what wretch am I that I should be made to suffer like this?"

Another silence. I heard the beating of my heart. He spoke again:

"Now that he is lost to me, I feel his preciousness. I boast my judgment! What a fool am I! Is my reason weak like other suffering imbeciles, that I should learn experience only at the cost of my joys? Why did I not prize him more highly when I had him—look to him with the solicitude which his frail form and helplessness demanded? Did you do your duty?"

"God knows," I answered.
"You did. You were more attentive toward him than I. My misery shall not make me unjust. Help me to my room, Maggie. Let me lean upon your arm—so."

My grief at the loss of little Charlie was very great. Recurring to it at this distance of time, I find it dwarfed by my greater troubles, which stand out upon the plain of the past years with pyramidal bulk, and shrink their surroundings into littleness. But I had been truly fond of my little nephew. My affection for him was created by the many associations with which life had invested him. Yet he was never a lovable child. Born sickly, he never grew in strength. Up to the very last his sluggishness, his inactivity, were as striking to me as when he was first put into my arms at Ivy Lodge. I had always a presentiment that he would not live long; sometimes imagined that if he succeeded in bridging over the weakness of his infancy, his sickness would turn to consumption. He was wanting in all the little endearing practices of babyhood. He was seldom to be coaxed or tickled into a smile; would cry with a weird, hollow, wailing accent; and seemed wholly incapable of recognizing even those who were always with him.

His death was a great shock to Major Rivers. I had always accredited him with sufficient sensibility to feel acutely such a bereavement as this; but I had no idea that he was capable of experiencing such poignant distress as he manifested for many days after the death of his child.

In his paroxysm of grief you have heard the remarks he let fall. These remarks coiled around my heart with a sense of fire. One remark of his was this: "Has my innocent, my beautiful boy, been made to expiate my fatuity?" His fatuity! What, I asked myself, had been his fatuity? My heart, ever prone to suspicion where my liveliest emotions were concerned, made answer. In what had he been fatuous? In his love for me; in his alliance with me; in allowing, at the expiration of so brief a period, another to usurp that throne of his heart to which the dead had still the most rightful claim by virtue of a loving and beautiful memory?

All my eager, passionate instincts pointed toward this conclusion; all my mad hopes, my resolute aspirations, refused to accept the inference.

I thought I would watch him closely. I would accept his moods, his language, in all their literalness, and closely analyze them in secret. But the resolution was no sooner taken than my judgment condemned it. "Be cautious," it whispered. "Love is here the critic, and animated by fear, it will overleap itself. Consider the unreasonableness of all the passions generated by love—of jealousy, which makes the meat it feeds on; of distrust, which starts at shadows; of hope, which lives on imagination. Erect not your own love as the standard of his conduct, or disappointment will break your heart. Seek not to analyze; you will bear the skeleton, but miss the spirit. Have faith. This is God's gift to the virtuous, loving heart. Distrust may precipitate the issue you dread, but confidence may ordain the chasm."

"Meekness," then I said, grasping at an opposite extreme, "shall enfold me. I will be patient, trusting. Nature shall work out her own ends; I will neither inquire nor fear."

Vain resolves! Had I been a LEGAL WIFE, recognition might have been practicable, for the chief dangers I dreaded would have been obviated. But I was no wife. The link that connected us was forged of sand. Love made a dream of the union; and I fancied my lover bound to me in a circle of steel. But my senses saw the truth, and the truth was comfortless—too comfortless to fortify my hopes with resolutions of meekness and faith.

But though Major Rivers had repulsed me once during the night of death, and though he had let fall words that scorched my heart, the following day renewed in him a semblance at least of his old feelings toward me, and I easily accounted for the absence of his usual warmth by believing his love to be tempered by grief.

He talked incessantly of his child. He had built many secret hopes upon him, many more than I could possibly infer from his treatment of him whilst it lived. He had no narrow ambition, he said; no petty conceptions of his future, such as it might have been had he been perpetuated in his son; but he inherited an honorable name, and could wish to have had it transmitted; he had plotted, too, for the aggrandizement of his name by the union of his son with the daughter of a noble family; he wanted his son to have lived, because in him he would have created a realization of many a singular theory. His conversation about the dead was all in this strain, and I could hardly help remarking, though I forbore to mention the inconsistency of a mind which, having professed the greatest contempt for the ambitions and desires of men, could yet avow wishes which might easily have inspired the meanest amongst those he condemned.

I was glad to hear his sentiments, however; they filled me with hope. I was soon to become a mother, and my child would certainly become to the father all that he had hoped to find in the child of my sister. My dream went further. A natural pride led me expect the gift of a babe more captivating, more promising than the poor little creature that had been snatched from us; I prayed at least for a beautiful babe, that the very force of contrast might renew in the major's heart the warmth which he declared the death of his child had extinguished.

"I may yet," I sometimes exclaimed in the exultation of hope, "be the mother of a boy who shall so confirm my husband's love for me as to put to flight for ever the sad, the wretched, the undetermined dread that perpetually haunts me. He shall inherit his father's name; he shall realize for his father the grandest dreams that inspire him." At such moments I felt joyous and hopeful, and my reveries were always concluded by an earnest appeal to God to grant me the babe whose idea made a radiance in my heart.

About a month after the death of poor Charlie, Major Rivers asked me to accompany him to the graveyard, in which reposed the remains of his boy. I consented. The cemetery lay about a mile from Chester House, and the road to it was a favorite walk of mine. It was evening when we started. The air was calm; the sky serene, limpid, deep, and laden with young stars; a curled moon was sinking in the west, as if it had not yet power enough to hold its own distant flight against the fervid attraction of the sun. I had noted the going down of the sun, and was struck with the fierce redness that followed its disappearance. It was portentous. "A great battle," I had said to the major, "has been fought in heaven. Look how the flooring of the sky is stained with blood." He had answered, "Another will follow, for there will be a storm to-night."

We walked slowly along. A deep silence prevailed; still, as I listened, I seemed to hear the low, far-off moaning of the great city that lay a dozen miles away from us. The major was meditative. I strove to engage him in conversation, but he answered only in monosyllables. I persevered, but his sharper eyes and noes cautioned me that he preferred his own thoughts to mine, and might consider me an intruder. I, too, relapsed into silence. His moodiness was contagious; but it became melancholy in me. I contrasted this walk with the walk I had taken with him on the day when he had come to Ivy Lodge, determined to accept no refusal from me. I was willing to pardon much to his grief, but the contrast was too sharp not to make me perceive that his love for me was not then as it had been.

We approached the cemetery and entered it. Some sinuous paths conducted us to the little grave, guarded by rails. Each side of the marble slab was surmounted by a dove, and a cross with a glory overshadowed the simple inscription. The major leaned moodily upon the railing, with his eyes fixed on the narrow mound; I seated myself upon the edge of an adjacent tomb, and watched him. Presently he said, without turning to me:

"They have written here, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life'; what does that mean?"

"It means," I answered, "that you will meet your boy in heaven."

"In heaven?" he exclaimed, with a bitterly sarcastic accent, but without turning his head.

"What do you mean by heaven? Where is heaven?"

"Heaven is where God is."

"And am I to believe that my boy is gone to heaven?" he said, querulously.

"Assuredly."

A silence. Then he burst forth, but without changing his attitude:

"Why am I not told by you that heaven is an illustration of our folly: the folly of hope, born of a miserable selfishness—the folly of such a hope as mine; of which the fruition is a narrow piece of mold, upon which you shall not grow grass enough to feed a sheep? Heaven! what do you know of it?" confronting me.

"I know of it by a faith which is greater than knowledge."

"Do you?" he exclaimed, almost sneeringly.

"I doubt it. I hear much of this faith; but how is it that it is only applicable to heaven? It

is refused on earth. A man who talks of faith in science is locked up in an asylum. Pah! I tell you what your faith does for you: it gives you spiritualism—it gives you priests and professors, who grow fat on diseased minds like worms on rotten bodies—it damps the surface of the world with blood—it fills the air with lies—condemns honesty for wanting cant, but does not prove by so much as a rational conjecture that the people who lie about us here will ever taste life again unless in the form of a flower, a weed, an insect—and that knowledge you owe to science, which ignores faith."

He spoke vehemently—gesticulated wildly with his arm. I rose, terrified and shocked. Never before had I heard from him so appalling a confession of his heathenism. From fragmentary utterances I had failed to collect the whole truth; and this revelation was made peculiarly awful by the solemnity of the place in which it was uttered. I think my horror must have been strongly portrayed in my face, for he suddenly exclaimed:

"Come, let us leave this place. My trouble lies buried here; I had hoped to find peace beside it, instead of which I am tortured by thought."

He gave a lingering look at his child's grave, and led the way out of the cemetery. I did not dare trust myself to speak to him just then. I feared that the horrid feeling he had given rise to in my heart would be betrayed by my voice. I did not wish it to meet his ear. The dangerous position I occupied made me very vigilant. My love of candor, my honesty—once fearless enough—were decaying in the eagerness to keep him. I could comprehend to what subtle arts a woman will descend to preserve the flame of love that flittered in her lover's breast from extinction. And must I confess that, though I abhorred his sentiments, I was incapable of loving him less?

"I have shocked you, I can see, by my sentiments," he presently said, turning and fixing a keen eye on me.

"I am pained," I answered, "to see you so determinedly root from your heart the only hope that can make this world at any season endurable—the hope of a better life."

"This world! How you pious people abuse this world! Why not abuse yourselves? You are the cause of the misery you detest, and from which you profess yourselves so anxious to flee. Mind, I only say 'profess.' I think piety is in its heart more of a worldling than skepticism."

"Do you think that we are the cause of all the misery we see? I don't. The child knows better than that, when it cries on being born. To many—to most of us—the one great evil of life is death. Are we the cause of death? But," he exclaimed, "piety talks of death as something worth living for. Piety does not recognize death as an evil. Search the fathers and the poets, and see the fine names piety has given death to make it appear the one glorious consequence of time!"

"They speak of our own deaths—not the deaths of our friends, wives, or children."

He was silent—ready, I knew, indeed, to oppose me with a flood of declamation—but silent in a sudden access of emotion. I did not press the conversation. I was too wise to hope to achieve a victory, and feared the topic too much to attempt a conquest.

Suddenly, at the bend of the road, we came upon a group of persons walking toward us. My eye detected Miss Burgoyne at once. With her were Sir Geoffrey and Mrs. Burgoyne. As we encountered them I glanced instinctively at Major Rivers. A slight flush had mantled his cheeks, and I noticed a look of eagerness in his eyes which was certainly not there half a minute before.

During the month that had elapsed since the child's death, I had only seen Sir Geoffrey once. Miss Burgoyne I had not set eyes on. Whether Major Rivers had met her I knew not; but I observed that he saluted her with a certain familiarity of manner which he would scarcely have exhibited had he been addressing a lady for the second time of their acquaintance only.

Miss Burgoyne greeted me with marked politeness, expressed how deeply she sympathized with me in the bereavement we had sustained, and added, "that although the period of our acquaintance was so very short, and our intimacy so very slight, she would have been only too pleased to have called long since, had not she and her mother feared that a visit at such a time of sorrow might have proved unseasonable."

I thought she looked very beautiful. She wore a piquant little hat and a green feather, which stood out in pretty relief against the groundwork of her tastefully-dressed, shining hair. Her symmetrical figure was well exhibited by a tight-fitting bodice. Her mother shook hands with me, but kept well in the background. She seemed to have a decided objection to talking; her monosyllabic replies made me think at first that she was bad-tempered, but I ought to have understood at once the interpretation of her face, whose suggestion of vulgarity made her taciturnity a compliment to her judgment.

We stood for some moments where we met, talking. Sir Geoffrey had come over to me, and had commenced an explanation—in a half-apologetic manner, I thought—of his being in the society of Miss Burgoyne. He was taking a stroll, he said, when he had met them. He was walking in an opposite direction, but had been asked to join them. What could he do? To refuse a lady, and that lady a very pretty girl, any request she might think fit to make, was altogether out of the question.

"You wonder," he continued, in a laughing manner, but still in a low voice, "why I enter into such unnecessary particulars? But I do not forget the conversation I had with you on that evening when I had the pleasure of meeting you at my house. I told you I was not in love with Miss Burgoyne, though I greatly admired her. I should be sorry that any ac-

dental circumstance, such as this meeting, should cause you to question the truth of my assurance. Since I commenced with being candid with you, Mrs. Rivers, I must certainly endeavor to appear at least consistent in your eyes."

"Your explanation is quite unnecessary," I answered. "It is true that I am country-bred, but I am not quite so bucolic as to convict a man of being in love with a lady because I happen to meet him out walking with her and her mother! But in your efforts to disarm suspicion you create suspicion. If you continue telling me that you are not in love with Miss Burgoyne, I shall begin to make up my mind that you are. Who is Miss Burgoyne?" I added, glancing at her as she stood talking with Major Rivers some yards away from me, "that you should be so studious to remove any impression that you are in love with her?"

He was about to make some reply, when he was interrupted by Major Rivers calling: "Maggie, the storm that I told you was brewing will be upon us shortly."

It was quite true; the north was laden with heavy, murky clouds, and the coldness of coming rain and keen winds could be tasted in the air. I saw the major address Mrs. Burgoyne, and then walking toward us, said to Sir Geoffrey:

"I have been telling Miss Burgoyne that the rain will catch her ere she can reach her home. My house is nearer than yours, and it has been accepted by the ladies as a temporary asylum. Shall we walk?"

The question was responded to by a general movement. Major Rivers again approached Miss Burgoyne and her mother. The baronet kept close to me. We led the way. I fancied that there was some design in this. I was anxious to fall behind, for my jealousy, fiercely aroused, made me eager to have Major Rivers and Miss Burgoyne before me, that I might watch their movements. But this design was made impracticable by Sir Geoffrey, who maintained a good even pace, under pretense of reaching shelter before the rain came on, and who kept up a brisk talk, so that I was obliged to remain by his side in order to hear what he said.

(To be continued.)

MYTHS CONCERNING BIRDS.

BIRDS have had their biographers, and in the pages of Audubon, Wilson, and other gifted ornithologists, their forms, habits and homes have been lovingly described. They have had their poets also. In the whole range of English verse, from Chaucer down, they have been an inspiration to the imagination, and a theme of eulogy for the pen. Some of the very sweetest fountains of poetry have been opened at the magic of their song. We have only to name, in proof of this, Shelley's Lines to the Skylark, and Keat's Ode to a Nightingale. The latter bird has always been a favorite of the Muses. The name, nightingale, is suggestive of love and music and moonlight. The title Philomela brings before us her classic ancestry, and we do not wonder that the bird's voice should still retain a passionate mournfulness, or that her sister, the swallow, should show by her twittering the restlessness of domestic grief. The lines in which Matthew Arnold refers to this tale are so beautiful that we quote them:

"Hark! ah, the nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark!—what pain!
O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still—after many years, in distant lands—
Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, Old-World
Pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn,
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy racked heart and brain
Afford no balm?"

"Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again perceive,
With hot cheeks and seared eyes,
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?
Dost thou once more essay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change:
Once more; and once more make resound,
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?"

"Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!"

Coleridge calls this bird "the merry nightingale." He is almost alone among poets in interpreting its music, for he hears in its notes only a joyous love-song. Who would not like to have listened to the concert he describes in a grove full of nightingales, and to have seen one of them, perched giddily on a twig, swaying and singing with the breeze, and which, with the poet's usual truth of personification, he compares to:

"Tipsy Joy that reels with toasting head."

It is a pretty myth that makes the rose burst forth from its bud at the song of the nightingale, and that draws the bird by a fatal attraction to this flower. A modern poet hints at the effect of sorrow upon the character by making the bird say:

"Leaving my bosom on a pointed thorn,
I bleed, and bleeding, sing my sweetest strain—
For sweetest songs of saddest hearts are born,
And who may here discover love and pain?"

The story of a musical duel between the master of a lute and a nightingale, rendered by Crasshaw from the Prolusions of Strada, is familiar to many readers. Each vied with the other in producing the most delightful, enchanting and varied strains. Crasshaw's poem is wonderful in showing the power of our lan-

guage to describe vividly and truthfully the vague emotions, as well as the delicious sensations, caused by music. The end is pathetic. The bird falls, her heart breaks, and she dies, exhausted by her own music and the passion of the strife.

"She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute; oh, fit to have
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave?"

Birds have held a distinguished place in the regards of ancient nations. In Oriental countries they were thought to have extraordinary knowledge and the gift of divination. Perhaps reference is made to this belief in the Book of Job, where the home of Wisdom is said to be "kept close from the fowls of the air," as if even their sagacity could not discover it. Among the Greeks and Romans they were the interpreters of the gods, and future events were predicted by noticing the course they took in flight, and by observing their entrails. There are many stories of marvelous birds in the literature of Persia and India. The song of the swan floats on the waves of the past, and the sacred bird of Apollo, honored by drawing the car of Venus, has become to us moderns the emblem of grace and refinement. With the story of the phoenix we are all familiar. A native of Arabia, it lived for five hundred years, and then built its own funeral pile of wood and aromatic gums, fanned it to flames with its golden and crimson wings, and burned itself to ashes, only to arise with new vigor, and to live through another cycle of years. As typifying the resurrection, this fable is interesting. Milton speaks of the phoenix as "that self-begotten bird, in Arabian woods imbost." The eagle seems to have lost something of the nobleness of its associations since we have made it our national bird and placed its image on ships and public edifices, and even upon gateways and arbors. Tradition says the eagle looks unblenchingly at the sun, and teaches its eaglets to do the same. In the opinion of the ancients, it lived a hundred years, molted in its old age, renewed its feathers and its youth, but at last plunged into the sea and died. The owl was revered at Athens as the bird of wisdom, but this prerogative is hardly accorded to him in our day. We say "Wise as an owl" rather in derision of pretensions that are baseless. The fable of the halcyon building her nest upon the calm sea has given a term to our language, and "halcyon days" are the fairest and brightest ever granted to mortals. The raven is a bird of ill omen. "Blithe ravens croak of death." The stormy petrel is to the mariner the forerunner of wrecks and tempests. The American Indians have many superstitions in regard to birds. Bates says he often noticed on the Amazon flocks of miscellaneous birds hunting together for food, and he relates a pretty fancy of one of the tribes. The Indians, not knowing the object of those gatherings, and seeing that the bands were led by a small gray bird called Uira-papa, say this little bird has fascinated all the rest, and leads them a weary dance through the thickets. The South American Indians think they hear in the lamenting tones of the whip-poor-will the spirit of an unhappy slave. Even to our ear its voice inspires sadness. A Southern writer says: "I think the whip-poor-will comes of an unfortunate lineage—many sorrowful things must needs have happened to his house. His song is very mournful, coming, as it does, upon the sighing night-winds." The North American Indians supposed the woodpecker was once a hero, and by wearing the head of one of them, the energy and courage of the bird would pass into them. In some of the towns in Germany the artisans assert that the woodpecker was formerly a baker, who deceived and starved the poor by selling them bread by false weight, and now, as a punishment, he must work until the day of judgment, and live on insects only. Longfellow, in his lovely poem of ideal Indian life, tells us that Hiawatha, in reward for advice from the woodpecker, which enabled him to slay his enemy, stained with blood the tuft of feathers on his head, and this tuft of crimson plumage still remains a symbol of his service. The birds in this poem are full of vivacity and sympathy. They enter into Hiawatha's joys and sorrows, and give a charm and an animation to "the forest primeval" that render its shades less sombre and its solitude less deep. We like to invest the forest with an interest that belongs to the affections, although the imagination may be equally pleased with Lowell's finer picture:

"Asides to me familiar that o'erarch
The conscious silences of winniness woods,
Centennial shadows, cloisters of the elk."
Miss Cooper speaks, in her "Rural Hours," of a superstition connected with those charming little organisms, those animated flowers, which we name humming-birds. She says, it is thought among the common people of her neighborhood that when they enter a house it is to bring a love-message from distant friends. The story of robin red-breast is dear to every childish heart:

"The bird to man so good
That, after their bewildering,
Covered with leaves the little children
So painfully in the wood."

It is not perhaps generally known that the original ballad is to be found in "A Handful of Pleasant Delights, published at London in 1841, by Richard Jones, dwelling at the sign of the Rose and Crown." The death of Cock Robin is probably of even higher antiquity. The story is most tragic, and the close full of pathos:

"Then all the birds of the wood
Fell to sighing and sobbing,
When they heard of the death
Of poor little Cock Robin."

Travelers speak of the attachment of the Russian peasants to doves and pigeons. They pet them and always spare their lives, because it was in this form that the Holy Ghost first appeared. Mrs. Robinson, in her interesting book, "Literature of Slavic Nations," says, that a mourning female is represented in all

Slavic poetry as a cuckoo, and that, according to Servian legend, a cuckoo was a sister who had lost her brother.

The fables regarding the birds of Paradise are as beautiful and as capable of poetic interpretation as those respecting the phoenix. Wallace, in his "Malay Archipelago," gives a full account of these birds. His closing chapter is a delightful monograph upon the subject. He says they are found only in New Guinea and the small islands adjacent.

The earliest European voyagers, in search of cloves and nutmegs, were presented with the dead skins of those strange and beautiful birds. The Portuguese, finding they had no feet or wings, called them *Passaros de Sol*, or Birds of the Sun, while the learned Dutchmen, who wrote in Latin, called them *Aviis paradisiis*, or, Paradise Birds. In 1598 a writer says: "No one has ever seen these birds alive; they live in the air, always turning toward the sun, and never light on the earth till they die; they have neither feet nor wings." A hundred years after, a naturalist who accompanied Dampier saw specimens, and was told they came to Banda to eat nutmegs, which intoxicated them and made them fall down senseless. In 1760 Linnaeus named the largest species *Paradisæa* (the footless Paradise bird). Wallace says it is very difficult to procure them. Aside from the hostility of the natives of New Guinea, landing upon the harborless coast of the island, exposed as it is to the full swell of the Pacific, is very hazardous. The effect of the strength and sweetness of the nutmeg upon them is alluded to by Moore:

"Those golden birds that in the spice-time drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood."

It is said that the small yellow bird of our gardens is also a lover of narcotics, and that it will hover about the poppy, eating its ripened seeds until its little brain is dizzy and it falls entranced to the earth. This story should be placed beside the beautiful German legend that says: "Sleep stuck his wand into the ground, and Dreams hung upon it their light, aerial, checkered pictures. The wand became a poppy-stem and the gift of the Dreams the tender, variegated, fluttering flower-petals."

One might gather myths and superstitions about birds from almost every literature and every land, but it is pleasanter to read of these children of the air in the bright, fresh pages of such authors as Burroughs, in "Wake Robin," or to bring back some sweet passage of our own Summer experience respecting them. It was once my lot to spend part of the Spring and Summer season in a country house which stood in an acre of woodland. The wood was the home of nearly all the birds common to the Middle States, and from morning light to the evening star, the anthem from the trees was unceasing. The house seemed encircled by an aureole of song. A large apple-tree was the chosen resort of the tuneless people. They darted in and out among the pink and white blossoms, weaving a robe of melody that enveloped the tree, and harmonized with its crown of flowers. The sky, the tree, the music, all return to me during these wintry days, giving them warmth and beauty and joyfulness. Imagination and memory have but to waken, and we no longer see the cold, mute snow, and the brown, desolated trees, but the full, rich pictures that made the Summer an ever new delight.

"They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

DECK-SCENE ON A STEAMER IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

THE short voyage from England to France across the British Channel has, from time immemorial, been a terror to European tourists. The action of the currents, producing short, chopping seas, gives a peculiar motion to the vessel, which induces seasickness, or, at least, qualmsiness, even among old travelers who are able to endure, without stomachic inconvenience, a trans-Atlantic trip. To every one who has passed through the ordeal of this two-hours' voyage, our illustration will speak for itself, and will revive recollections which, if not pleasant, are certainly vivid and lasting.

The *Times of India* tells the following story of a murder: The manner in which the murderers were detected would, our contemporary adds, if true, go far to prove the Darwinian theory. The story briefly told is this: A Madrassee had a monkey which he was very fond of. The man had occasion to go on a journey, and took with him money and jewels, and his chum the monkey. Some rogues determined to rob him of everything he had; accordingly they lay in wait for him and murdered him. Having secured the money and jewels, they threw the murdered man into a dry well, and having covered it up with twigs and dry leaves, they went home. The monkey, who was on the top of a tree, saw the whole of the proceedings, and when the murderers departed he came down and made tracks for the Tahsildar's house, and by his cries and moans attracted the attention of that functionary. Inviting the Tahsildar by dumb signs to follow him, the monkey went to the well and pointed downward. The Tahsildar thereupon got men to go down, and of course the body was discovered. The monkey then led the men to the place where the jewels and money were buried. He then took them to the bazaars, and as soon as he caught sight of one of the murderers he ran and bit him in the leg, and would not let him go till he was secured. In this way all the murderers were caught. The men, it is said, have confessed their crime, and they now stand committed for trial before the Tellicherry Court at the ensuing session. The monkey, we think, ought to be made an inspector of the police.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

SICKLES goes to Spain soon.

LADY MAYO has been liberally pensioned.

FEMALE bootblacks are popular in Boston when pretty.

LOUISA MUHLBACH has gone into the libel suit business.

MRS. LINCOLN calls herself Mrs. Linder when traveling.

QUEEN VICTORIA has gone quietly to Berlin by way of Paris.

It is estimated that the cost of the Tichborne trial will be \$500,000.

AN Iowa widow has successfully buried three husbands named Smith.

A TERRE-HAUTE washerwoman says "spine in the back" is what ails her.

THE ex-Queen of Hanover has renounced the world and become a nun.

AN asylum for Presbyterian widows is to be established in Philadelphia.

MR. ASHBURY has been elected Commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club.

THE healthiest children are born in the months of January, February and March.

A NUMBER of ladies at Hartford are about starting a joint-stock insurance company.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND produced nearly \$48,000,000 worth of metals and coals last year.

E. W. HALFORD, of the Indianapolis *Journal*, has gone to Chicago to edit the Chicago *Republican*.

PRESIDENT BAEZ, of Santo Domingo, proposes to visit Europe, in imitation of the Emperor of Brazil.

BOTH the Crown-Prince of Prussia and Bismarck are good beer-drinkers. Von Moitke is a teetotaler.

THE Czar of Russia, it is said, fears assassination, and is at times in very low spirits on that account.

THE first to cross the Newport and Cincinnati bridge was an eloping couple from New Liberty, Ky.

A CONTEMPORARY says of a prominent general, that "his sword was never drawn but once, and then in a raffle."

PRINCESS ALICE, of Hesse-Darmstadt, daughter of Queen Victoria, has written a novel in the German language.

WHEN a boy has the fever and ague in Danbury, Conn., they make him useful by setting him to shaking carpets.

STRAUSS the world-famous composer of dance-music, has written to Gilmore that he will take part in his jubilee.

A BOSTON girl has sued a good-looking mulatto for breach of promise, and recovered a thousand dollars damages.

A CASE in an Iowa court, involving but three dollars, had been on trial three days at last accounts, and was not finished.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, of Boston, owns a clock which was made for Governor John Winthrop, in London, 250 years ago.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is said to enjoy a professional income of over thirty thousand dollars per annum, by pulpit, pew, and rostrum.

THE Marquis of Ripon has been unanimously elected, for the third time, Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Freemasons of England.

PLUMP young ladies will learn with regret that about twenty three inches of waist is the very utmost limit which fashion allows to be worn.

COLFAX has announced his decision to stump Indiana for the Republican candidates in the national canvass. It will be sorry work if he can't talk for himself, though.

THE Spanish frigates *Gerona* and *Arapiles*, now in the West Indies, have been ordered to Venezuela to demand satisfaction for insults offered the Spanish consul.

WHILE digging with a pick in his cellar, Mr. Bringham, of Baltimore, exhumed a box containing \$7,000 in gold and silver coin. He continues to take his pick gladly.

THE Wollaston Gold Medal—its highest honor—has been awarded at its late anniversary to Professor James D. Dana, of Yale College, for his researches in geology.

ON Palm Sunday, two Chinamen, in ultra-native dress, were seen coming out of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Francis Xavier, with the customary evergreens in their hands.

TWO HUNCHBACKS celebrated their nuptials in Paris, the other day, in the presence of thirteen invited guests, also hunchbacks. At the wedding ball all the musicians were hunchbacks—as was every dancer.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ lost a valuable fish of an undescribed species, which he caught out of the Parahya River, through the carelessness of a native cook, who, being short of dainties, fried it for the professor's breakfast.

A TURKISH millionaire, Khalil Pasha, gave a \$40,000 party at Vienna, lately. At supper the servants picked the eyes out of the cold pheasants which formed part of the menu, and presented them to the ladies. The eyes were found to be emeralds.

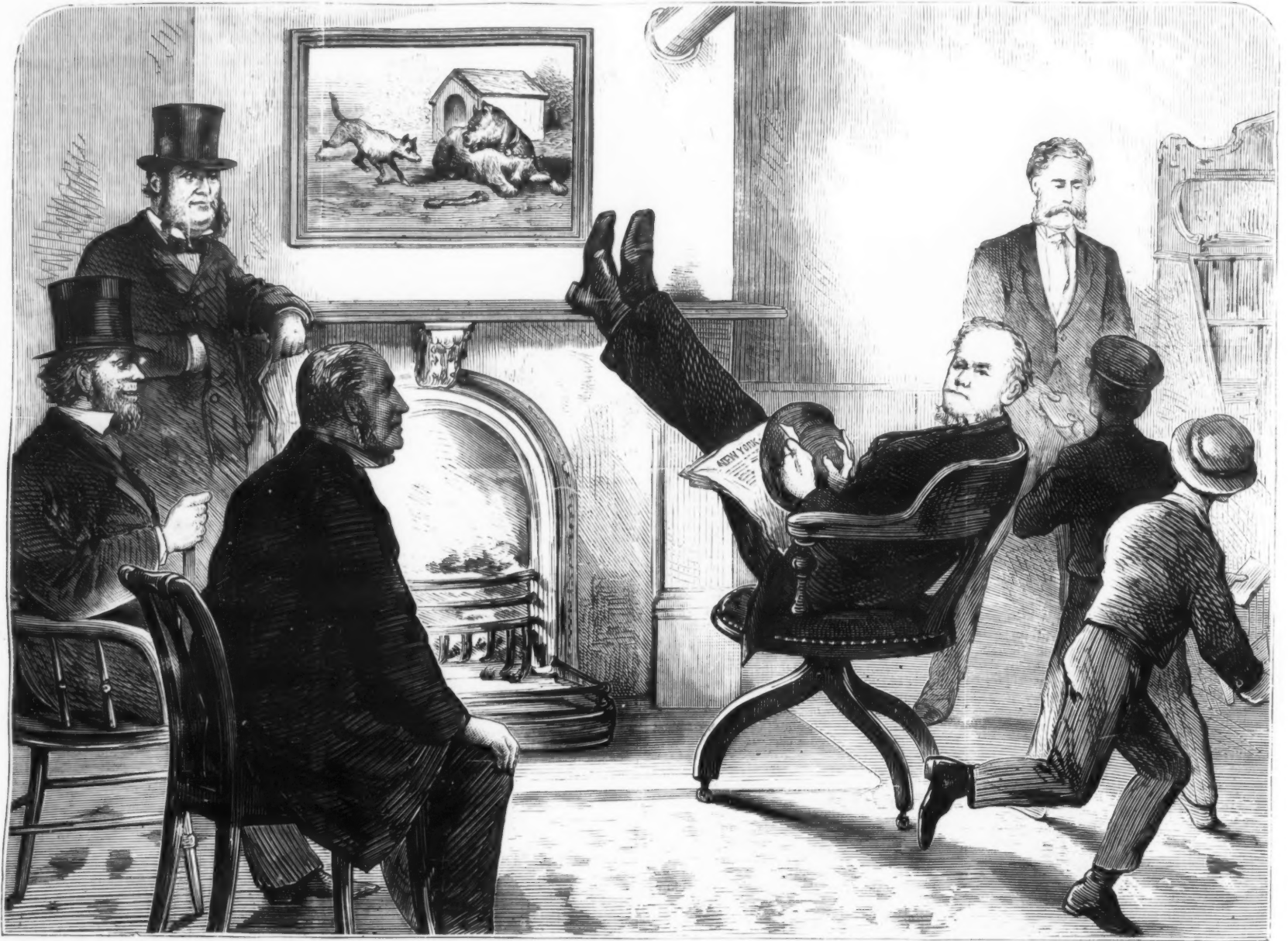
PROFESSOR CHILD, of Harvard, the celebrated Chaucer scholar, contemplates a new edition of the best old English ballads, with all their different versions, and with full introductions, giving an account of all like ballads in the European languages.

It is recorded of a venison and turtle-fed alderman of London that, on being importuned for alms by a starving woman in the street, he exclaimed, "Go away, my good woman; you don't know how you distress me. I'd give ten pounds to have your appetite."

It is reported, that ever since the Sickles coup d'état, Jay Gould has, at intervals, been heard mournfully murmuring:

"Oh, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men."

MR. CHARLES LYALL, the *tenor comique* of the Nilsson Opera Company, is a very original caricaturist, and returns to London with a portfolio crammed with exceedingly droll sketches made during his American tour. It is a matter of surprise that, with such an artist among them, the editors of the so-called comic London papers should have, of late years, persisted in endeavoring to amuse the public with a series of lugubrious illustrations, in lieu of the audaciously funny productions of this clever comedian's pencil. We advise them to reconstruct, and cordially recommend Mr. Lyall to their attention.



NEW YORK CITY.—DANIEL DREW SELLING FIFTY THOUSAND SHARES OF ERIE STOCK AT "FIFTY-FIVE," SELLER'S OPTION, ONE YEAR.



NEW YORK CITY.—SPECULATORS IN ERIE STOCK LOOKING AT THE INDICATOR IN DELMONICO'S, BROAD STREET, DURING LUNCH-JUMP.

THE ERIE EXCITEMENT.

THE Erie Railroad Company seems to have taken upon itself the duty of supplying the West and several countries with a first-class sensation. Its last movement inaugurated an old-fashioned excitement, affecting the great monetary interests.

On Monday, March 25th, the stock of the company took an unexpected and extravagant plunge, and in a few hours the entire city was thrown into a great uproar. Not only in Wall



CHALKING THE PRICES OF ERIE ON THE BLACK-BOARD.

and Broad Streets, where the enormous transactions took place, was excitement manifested, but in every part of the metropolis where stock speculations usually monopolize but very little attention, these particular operations were discussed with quite an absorbing interest.

In Wall Street, however, too vast a business was going on for much comment. Too many persons had dollars and cents at stake to talk freely; the excitement was at too white a heat for any discussion of chance. People there seemed wild, and acted as if they were insane, and had lost all restraint. If the vicinity of the Stock Exchange is a busy one ordinarily, the scene then was beyond description. Even age was not proof against the infection. Gray-headed men rushed from the Exchange to their offices, and from their offices back to the Exchange, in common with the boys who act as messengers for the brokers. Time never in their eyes had the value that it possessed then to them. A moment gained was a fortune won. Omnibuses, hacks, drays, trucks, wagons, were utterly disregarded. People ran under the horses, and narrowly escaped.

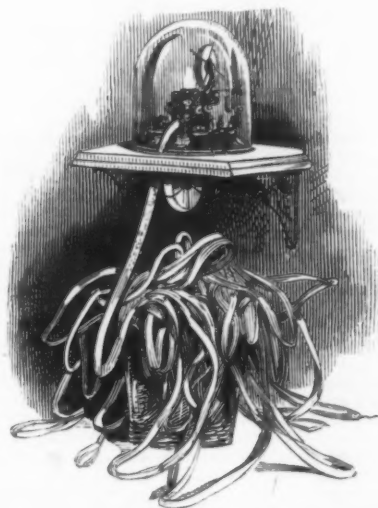
The brokers' offices were filled with people. Not merely operators, but spectators, who in turn became operators themselves in a wonderfully short time. The crowd around the various indicators was unusually large, and the wondering countenances, looking in amazement at one



THE TELEGRAPHIC OPERATOR SENDING THE QUOTATIONS THROUGHOUT THE FINANCIAL WORLD.

another as the ceaseless ticking kept up and the nearest individual read off the latest bids, offers, and quotations, were a study in themselves.

The woe depicted in the faces of those who had sold Erie stock was unutterable. In vain they solaced themselves with the remembrance of the Black Friday panic, and predicted a sudden fall, which should result in the utter discomfiture of the bulls. Steadily Erie stock climbed higher and higher on the list, until, in a few hours, from 52 it had reached 59. The

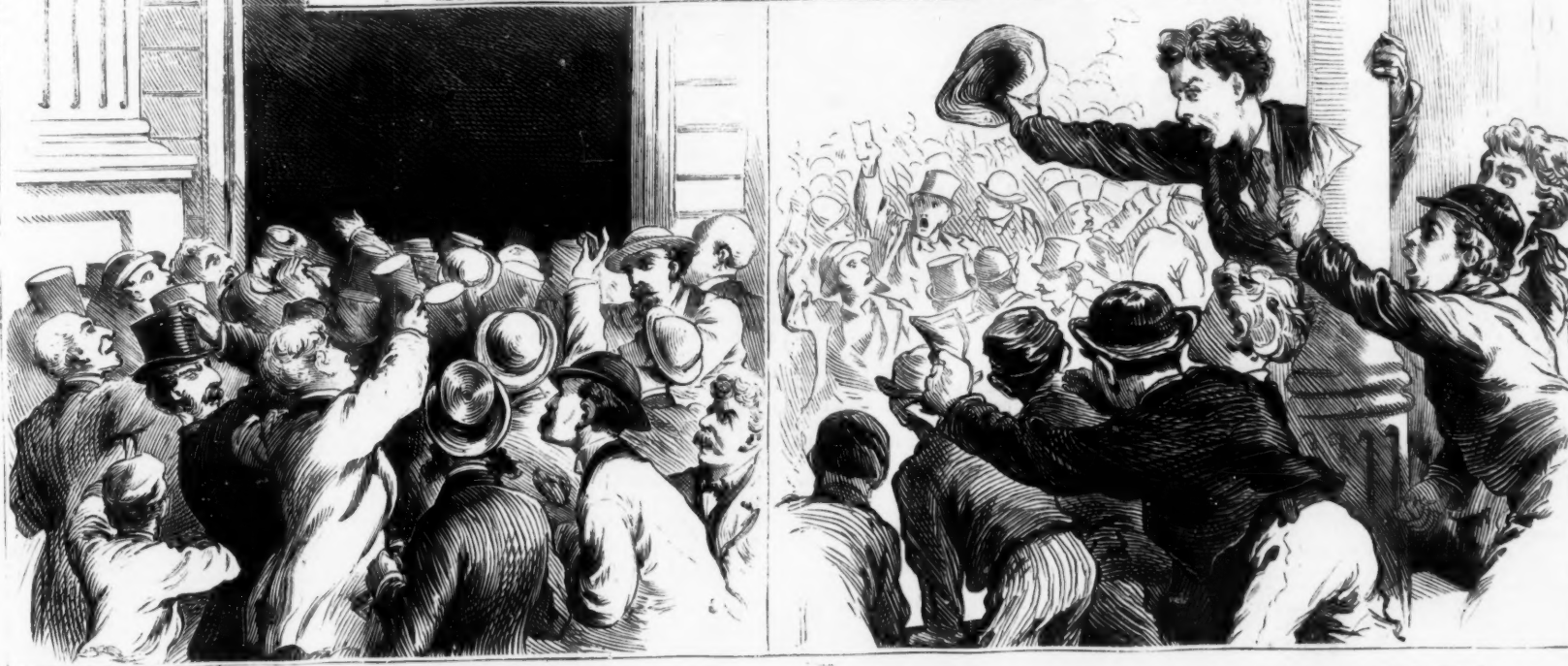
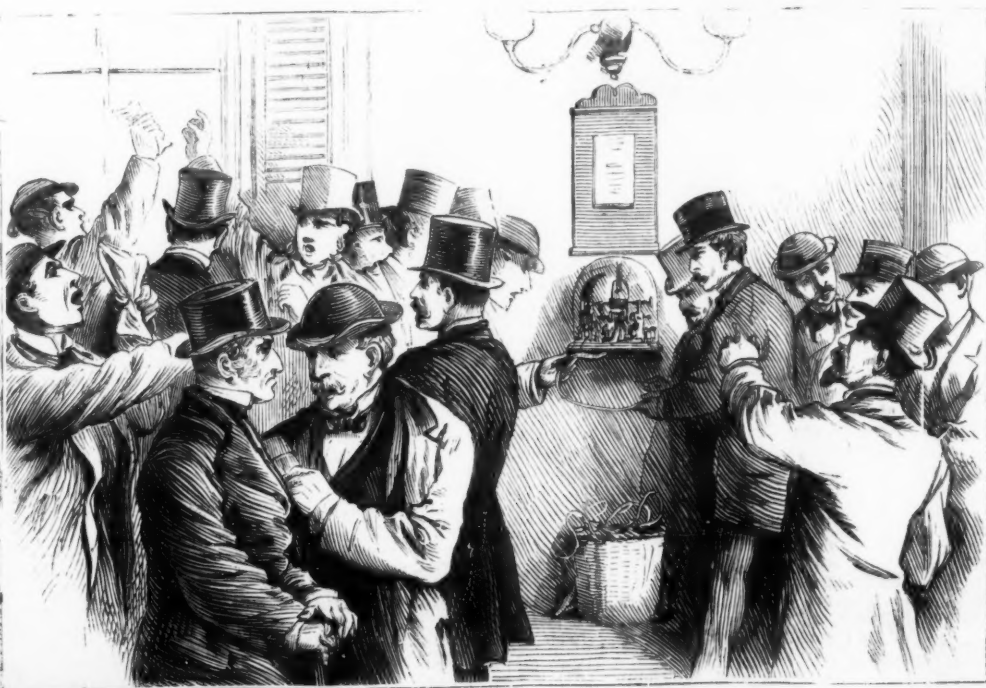


THE BASKETFUL OF QUOTATIONS.

demand seemed to be more than equal to the supply, and it appeared as if with \$78,000,000 of stock there would not be enough for the purchasers.

From an early hour in the day telegrams were received from Europe, ordering the stock purchased, and from London, Amsterdam and Frankfurt, and especially from London, they continued to arrive up to the close of the day. When the market opened, the Erie common shares sold for 52, but under large and continuous buying they steadily rose to 55½. So

great was the competition among buyers, that there was a difference of ½ per cent. in the sales. After a reaction which reduced the price to 54½, the demand set in again, and the stock went to 56½. Here the cable telegrams came more frequent, and the excitement rose to fever heat. At night the stock was at 60. On the following morning the excitement broke out again with redoubled force, and operators thought that another Black Friday had dawned. The scene in the Stock Exchange was animated in the extreme. Groups of men, varying as to numbers, from ten or a dozen to thirty or forty in a group, were packed densely together, the outer edge of the group pushing and striving toward the centre, all yelling like mad, and aiding their voices with frantic pantomimic motions of the hands, holding up one, two, three fingers, or the whole hand, according to the number of shares they wished to buy or sell.



1. SCENE IN FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 26TH.

2. THE CROWD AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, ON BROAD STREET

3. BROKERS' MESSENGER-BOYS IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE CALLING FOR THEIR EMPLOYERS.

THE EXCITEMENT IN ERIE.

All over the room roamed small boys, who shouted hoarsely the name of some broker they were in quest of, and added immensely to the din. As each sale was made, buyer and seller quickly took an exact note of the transaction in their memorandum-books, and operations involving hundreds of thousands of dollars were being conducted with all the accuracy and certainty in the world. Telegraph operators passed from group to group, ascertained the last quotations of the different stocks, and flashed them over the wires to all parts of the world.

Behind the railing which divides the members of the Stock Exchange from the subscribers, stood boys and men yelling the names of brokers with whom they wished to speak, and by their prolonged calls adding a little variety to the general din, at the same time increasing its volume.

An object of great interest to the visitors at the Exchange is the telegraph operator. He carries his instrument on his arm, as a conductor does his lantern. The connection between the wires and the instrument is by means of a flexible wire, which gives the operator freedom to move about near the presiding officer's desk. He wears a straight-brimmed hat, and has a sphinx-like countenance. When the calls are made he takes a stand in front of the President's desk. The little instrument nestles in the bend of his left arm. In his left hand he holds a note-book; in his right a pencil. Back from him trails the flexible wire connection. The brokers are crowded about the cockpit table, and if to howl in pleasure, they are in the seventh heaven. Down goes the presiding officer's mallet with a sharp bang, and the nimble operator quickly telegraphs the figures to all the brokers having the requisite apparatus.

On the street it was as lively as in the arena of the Exchange. There were the same excited groups of curb-stone brokers so noticeably vehement in shouting and gesticulation during the first of the Erie excitement. But the principal feature of Wall Street on this day, as always, was the crowd, seemingly innumerable, of small boys with badges, running to and from the Exchange and the brokers' offices. The rapidity with which these aristocratic gamins get about is amazing. They dodge under carts and horses, and narrowly but invariably escape being jammed to death or run over by stages and trucks.

Daniel Drew, the venerable operator, sat during the day in his private office, his feet upon the mantel and his lap full of papers and telegrams. Every few moments messengers rushed in with tidings of the condition of the stock, which the old man regarded with passive approbation. All the prominent brokers were on the alert, and it was difficult to determine who were the most excited, the operators or their principals. The little telegraphic indicators clicked incessantly, and long strips of paper with cabalistic figures writhed and settled in, over and about huge waste-baskets.

The Broad Street entrance to the Stock Exchange, the lobby and reading-rooms of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and the leading restaurants in the vicinity of Wall Street, presented, for many long, anxious hours, scenes that might well "bewilder thought." At Delmonico's dining-room, extending from Broad to New Streets, a characteristic specimen of Yankee business pluck was seen in the party of brokers, operators, messenger-boys and journalists, who seemed to have but two minutes to eat dinner. A rush to the counter, hasty order for a sandwich and glass of drink, a precipitous dart toward the small stock-indicator, an attempt to stretch the narrow paper so that all could read, eating and talking, bidding and spilling drinks on each other's clothes—every strange freak that a man laboring under such intense excitement could perform was well exhibited. One group pushed another from the indicator, glasses were emptied, food dispatched to the satisfaction of the monster Dyspepsia, and a rush into the Stock-room again.

On Tuesday night the stock was at 67½, but on the following day it experienced a decline, still showing a good margin above its previous rate.

MY GUARDIAN'S SON.

BY
FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER VI.

I CANNOT occupy whole pages in describing to you all that I suffered after the discovery of the portrait, and the knowledge that my fate was connected with a man upon whom circumstantial evidence had fastened a guilt so terrible.

You will wish to know if I loved him still. Better, far better than ever. Sometimes I had reproached myself with allowing my heart to go out so utterly toward a stranger; I had called myself unwomanly; I had been troubled with doubts and a feeling of absolute shame—they were all gone now.

I had suffered, too, the most acute anguish at the idea of being separated, perhaps for ever, from the man I loved. The parting letter which he wrote me had lain against my heart like a sharp dagger, and the vague horror which its inexplicable contents had caused in my mind was worse than the truth, clear and tangible, however dark it might be.

So, I tell you that, after the first shock of discovery was over, I rose up feeling stronger, more able to endure, than I had done since the death of my guardian. There was a feeling in my soul which you will call fanciful and silly, but it was a secure armor to my poor heart and my vacillating courage. I said to myself, that in the working of all these later events of my life, which had crowded themselves into the

compass of those brief weeks, I recognized the hand of destiny, overruled by an all-wise Providence.

I would not believe that I had been stumbling blindly along in the dark; a sure guide had pointed my soul in the direction it was to follow, and if I had been led into the very dwelling in which had been consummated the tragedy that enveloped the life of the man I loved, it was for some great purpose which I could not yet understand.

Again and again I repeated to myself the words which I had spoken to Ruth Byerson, and their whispers cheered me as if some unseen counselor had breathed them to my soul—"I do believe in him, and the end is not yet."

I must leave my own private feelings, for it would be useless to attempt a recital of all the varying moods and thoughts I underwent during those days.

I say that generally I was buoyed up by a great hope, so vague and wild that it burned with mysterious splendor before my eyes; but, however strong my courage might be, however unflinching my resolution, there were many, many dreary hours when my poor suffering heart would make its cry of desolation heard, and night after night I could only lie listening to its moan, and praying to God for help and light in my blindness and despair.

My life in that old mansion settled down into a regular routine which is easily described.

My mornings were spent in my own apartments, or in long rambles, when the weather was fine; after luncheon, Richard Phelps used to ride on horseback with me, or his mother took me out to drive. Then we had a late dinner, and the evening passed with music, pleasant books, and agreeable conversation, and I can say, for both mother and son, that they never permitted those hours to be dull ones.

There were few visitors, because, as Mr. Phelps had told me, the neighborhood was quite deserted in the winter; but the elderly people who were left made prim, formal calls at regular intervals, and once in a great while a dinner-party was undergone as a necessary infliction.

When these invitations were returned, and it was expected of us to go and be martyred at their houses, I had the excuse of my mourning as a means of escape.

Mrs. Phelps and Richard seldom both went, although that did not strike me at first; if the mother accepted the invitation, the son remained at home, and I noticed the same tacit arrangement extending through their daily intercourse. Fond as they appeared of each other, they seldom paid visits together, seldom drove out in company, and, in short, they very rarely absented themselves from the house at the same time—it had to be something of importance which made them, and then it was only for the briefest possible period.

They were very kind to me, but I felt that I had not made one step toward Mrs. Phelps's regard, or even acquaintance, since my arrival in the house. I felt as completely a stranger to her as I did on the night I entered her home, and yet, as I say, she was full of pleasant attentions and unvarying courtesy.

I could not have told how she passed her time; the household was entirely under the management of Ruth Byerson; she usually spent the greater portion of the day in her own apartments, and thither no one but her son ever ventured uninvited.

But Richard Phelps had, from the first moment, made every effort to make me forget that we were strangers, and exerted all his wonderful powers to win my regard and confidence.

The terrible tragedy with which he had been connected steeled my feelings against him, without doubt. I could not forget that he had hated Roland. When I heard his voice I could but remember that it had once uttered such blasting evidence against the man I loved. In every way that history tended to make the fascination he exercised entirely powerless in obtaining any influence over me.

I saw his character in its real light. I understood him from the first much more plainly than I could have put in words. Even the family resemblance which his face bore to Roland annoyed me; the expression was so different, that it seemed like seeing Roland's soul distorted as one's features are in a looking-glass.

"Do you know that you are a very singular girl?" he said to me one day, as we were standing on the piazza that ran along the front of the house.

We had just returned from a drive, and it was so sunny and pleasant, that I had seated myself there to arrange the masses of late autumn flowers Richard had gathered for me. He had followed me up the steps and gone on with the conversation which had occupied us during our ride, and it was in connection with that he made the remark.

"Your words need explanation," I said, pleasantly enough, for I was always friendly with him.

"I can hardly give it, though," he replied. "Your character seems so much formed, you are so much older in your thoughts and opinions than any girl of your age I ever saw."

"I don't know whether you mean that as a compliment—"

"Surely it cannot be unpleasant to you," he interrupted.

"No, I did not mean that; I was only thinking whether your idea was a just one. If so, I owe it to the society of my dear guardian and the effect his companionship had upon my character."

"In a measure, perhaps," he said; "but the decision and force of mind must have been there originally—no influence could have produced it."

I went on arranging my flowers in silence. I think I was not over pleased at his having formed so correct an opinion of me.

"See how your artistic tastes come out even

in the arrangement of that bunch of flowers," he said suddenly, and in the natural way which always made his flattering speeches sound like avowals wrung from him unconsciously.

"They are very lovely," I replied. "I shall make a sketch of them, I think."

"May I have it as a reward for scrambling up the rocks?" he asked, with a merry laugh.

"That will depend on my success."

"Oh, please go to work at once," he said, with a boyish impatience he often exhibited in trifles, and which was rather agreeable than otherwise.

"I must go up-stairs, then," I said, rising.

"Don't condemn me to solitude," he pleaded.

"Let me call old Teresa to bring your sketch-box down into the breakfast-room, and make your study there. Do, please. I'll read your favorite 'Aurora Leigh' to you while you work."

"The temptation is too strong to be refused," I said, laughing as I gathered up my flowers to enter the house.

He went away to summon Teresa, and I passed on to the breakfast-room, a pleasant, snug nook, with a deep bay-window, so crowded with exotics and creeping plants that it looked like a little conservatory.

Richard Phelps brought my sketching-materials, stood over me while I arranged the blossoms and got my brushes in order, talking lightly all the while, though with a strange earnestness piercing through the gaiety of his voice and words.

"Sometimes I think you are like Aurora Leigh," he said, suddenly.

"You give yourself very unnecessary trouble in finding comparisons for me," I replied. "I assure you I am a very commonplace girl, not worth ten minutes' thought at any time."

"You say that to mislead me."

"Mislead you, Mr. Phelps?"

"Yes. I have noticed you cannot endure to have any one really understand how enthusiastic and fanciful you are; what an ideal you have set up for yourself, toward whose strength and perfection you are constantly struggling."

"You will make me think myself a heroine, at this rate."

"You are quite capable of being one," he said.

"It would be a very tame effort," I replied, laughing again. "Ah, see how pretty those flowers look now. It was accidental. I shall paint them in just that mass. Put in a vase, they always look stiff and unnatural."

"You are turning the conversation, as you always do when it touches yourself," he said.

"I am not such a blind egotist as to suppose that I could prove an interesting subject of talk for any length of time."

"You do me a wrong in saying that," he exclaimed, with sudden earnestness. "You know that—you feel it—for I at least have little skill in hiding my feelings."

He had never before spoken to me in that tone; it startled me with the vague fear it called up. He saw my discomposure, transient as it was. Few things, however trifling, escaped his notice, and he paused abruptly.

"Shall I read to you?" he asked, in a changed voice.

"Yes, please; I am ready to listen, now that I have arranged these flowers to my satisfaction."

"Where shall I begin?"

I wished to lead any conversation that might arise from the book into a different channel, so I chose passages that were only full of pretty description, not tending to develop the characters or the plot of the poem.

He read to me, and I went on with my pleasant task, but my thoughts were far away from either the sweet measures of that verse or the occupation at which my fingers toiled mechanically—far away among the troubled recollections of the past, and groping forward to the dark future.

He closed the book suddenly. I roused myself with a start, and looked up. His eyes were fixed full upon my face, as if he were trying to read my very soul.

"What is it?" I asked, trying to speak naturally. "Are you tired of the poem?"

"You have not heard one word for the last half-hour!" he exclaimed. "I have been watching you."

"Then you took an unfair advantage," I replied. "I was very busy with my work, it is true, but that did not prevent my listening."

"You could not even have told what you were doing," he said.

"Indeed! Pray is not my sketch correct as far as it has gone?"

"Mechanically so; but compare it with studies you make when your mind is on your task, and it is a poor, spiritless affair."

"It is very bad of you to abuse my work. I supposed you were more polite."

"Now you are trying to evade the subject."

"I thought I was talking of it."

He gave the book an impatient push.

"You know what I mean," he said. "You cannot deny that you were thinking of something else—that your mind was completely absorbed."

I would not be foiled; I would not be studied and have my character turned inside out for his inspection. A thought struck me, and I caught up his own weapon to disarm him.

"I was thinking," I said, "but I heard you read all the same. I was thinking—don't be angry, for you forced me to speak—that your mother was like Aurora's aunt, in her cold stateliness and reticent pride. I was wondering what made her live such a lonely, self-absorbed life."

He colored a little, and bit his lip. I had made a sharp thrust, and put him at disadvantage.

"Do you mean that you are not pleased with my mother's manner toward you?" he asked, suddenly, parrying my blow tolerably well.

"You know I had no such thought; it is ungenerous of you to make an accusation like that. No lady could be more courteous, a more

thorough gentlewoman, than Mrs. Phelps. What I meant was this—I seem to make no forward step in her acquaintance; she is like a woman so absorbed by some secret idea, that it separates her from the whole world."

"Miss Vaughn," he exclaimed, reproachfully, "can you wonder at it? Think of all she has gone through—of all she has suffered!"

I felt that I had spoken recklessly, and reproached myself.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I was not thinking of that dark passage in her life when I spoke. The manner to which I allude seems to have nothing to do with that—to arise from some engrossing thought which occupies her daily life and—"

"May it not all spring from that remembrance?" he interrupted. "Can you think that such terrible memories are easily forgotten—by a woman, too?"

"You must forgive me," I said; "my words sound very different from what I meant them to. We will forget all about it."

"But tell me that you are not dissatisfied with my mother."

"Indeed I am not. I cannot imagine a kinder hostess; it is very, very good of her to bear so patiently this intrusion of a stranger upon her time."

"You wrong her there, too, Miss Vaughn! For years you have been one of the chief objects of her solicitude; she loved your mother as if she had been her sister. She would gladly have taken you under her personal charge from the first, but it was your father's wish that you should live with Allan Ramsay."

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Phelps, you mistake me entirely."

"Then we will not talk about the matter," he returned, lightly. "I have something else to reproach you with."

"I am very guilty this morning, it appears."

"Yes, very!"

"And you don't look inclined to prove a lenient judge."

"You know I could not be harsh with you," he said, in a lower tone, the deep, soft voice he could employ at will, and which was so singularly musical.

"Tell me the other fault I have committed," I said, quickly.

"You will keep me at such a ceremonious distance," he replied, more playfully. "I am sure, as I am my mother's son and you are her ward, that makes almost a tie of relationship between us; and yet you always call me Mr. Phelps, and treat me as I can fancy some proud *châtelaine* of the olden times treated stranger knights."

I laughed, determined to carry the matter off jestingly.

"The end is very poetical," I said, "but, like most poetical things, it is not in the least true."

"Oh, Miss Vaughn!"

"Oh, Mr. Phelps!"

"There it is again!"

"But you will call me Miss Vaughn."

"Because I have not dared take the liberty of calling you by your other name. I should like to. I am an impetuous, unceremonious creature, little given to forms."

"You are at liberty to drop the miss," I replied.

"And I may call you Eleanor? Thank you! It is such a pretty name—Eleanor, Eleanor!"

For an instant his voice was like Roland's—the same sweet way of dwelling upon the syllables of the word. It startled me.

"What is it?" he asked, quick to observe the least change in my manner. "You are not angry?"

"No, no; but I am called by that name so rarely now."

"It brings your guardian to your mind."

His eyes were fixed searchingly on my face as I bent over my work.

"But some one else must have called you Eleanor," he went on; "some girlish friend—perhaps some other still."

I felt my countenance change in spite of my attempted self-control.

"I had dear friends who called me so," I replied, "and you can't think how sweet the word was in their soft, foreign, girlish accents."

I could look up then, give him back glance for glance; Richard Phelps should not come near my treasured secret.

He was about to speak, when there was a sound overhead that startled us both. Some one ran rapidly through the upper hall and down the stairs. I heard Mrs. Phelps's voice cry in a tone of alarm I had never before known shake it:

"Richard! Richard!"

He sprang up hastily, but before he reached the door she had entered the room; I was half hidden by the draperies of the bay-window, and in her agitation she did not perceive me.

"Richard!" she called, in that sharp, strained voice. "Come quick—come quick."

She was deathly pale, and I looked at her in startled wonder.

Richard Phelps had changed color, but he preserved his composure.

"Here I am, mother," he said, walking toward her; "you have frightened Miss Vaughn, who does not know your habit of being energetic over trifles."

She could not call up her mask of restraint and calmness on the instant, she was too thoroughly unnerved and shaken for that. With some broken words she hurried from the room, but again I heard her whisper in those accents of mortal terror:

"Quick, come quick!"

With a brief apology to me, he turned to follow. I had risen as if to accompany him.

"Please remain," he said; "I will come back in a moment. I can explain—"

Again he was interrupted by her cry:

"Richard, come!"

He darted away, and I heard them both rush up-stairs in eager haste. Then I sat wondering

what could have so disturbed that icy woman, and feeling more than ever that some inexplicable mystery guarded her always.

It was not long before Richard Phelps returned; he was perfectly calm, and said, naturally:

"I am very sorry you were alarmed. My mother has been subject to nervous attacks for several years—you can readily understand that. When they come on she is quite beside herself."

"Is she better?" I asked. "Can I do anything?"

"Nothing at all, thank you; please don't notice it. She is lying down, quite restored." But I could neither paint or talk then. I got away to my own room as soon as possible. I could not turn my mind from the strange thoughts which bewildered it.

(To be continued.)

A SONG OF MARCH.

The morning streams on sparkling floods,
On gardens, lawns, and joyous woods;
The dew-scented beams of gables old
Shine as it turned to solid gold;
In stars along the terrace ways
The snowdrop white and crocus blaze;
The quick light glints in poplar ranks,
On park-wood pales and violet banks;
The lane is touched with richer brown,
The eager flock is running down;
Gray ash and elm the sunshine mark
With branchlike shadows sharp and dark;
Now here and there a primrose bright
In sunny yellow greets the light,
And gayly all the air is stirred
By coo of dove and chirping bird;
Now pours the old remembered note
From lark and thrush's speckled throat;
For Earth has burst her icy chains,
And freed her hair from Winter rains,
And decks with smiles her winsome face,
And laughs divine in every place,
Singing of victory over Death,
Scenting the air with sweetest breath,
While under heaven's triumphal arch
In glory move the hosts of March.

A HIGH CALLING.

IT was done away with long enough ago. Parliament took it up, said it was dangerous, and put a stop to it. Perhaps it was dangerous, and perhaps Parliament was right to put a stop to it. But I didn't like it then, for it was my bread, and meant five pounds a week to me; and when it was stopped my profession was ruined.

I don't look like it now, for you see I've made flesh, and am close on fifty; but fifteen or twenty years ago, when I was in my fleshings, I could have shown you such a figure and such muscles as you wouldn't see every day. Me and my brother were a regular pair, just the same height, and wonderfully alike. It was a bit of gammon, but it took wonderfully in the bills, and our manager said it would be utter madness to announce ourselves as Benjamin and Thomas Hitchens; so we used to be in blue letters all over London, "Les Frères Provengaux," and the people came to see us from all parts.

We were engaged, you see, at the Royal Conduit Gardens, and did the trapeze work. Now, I dare say you'll find plenty of people who will say it was known long before, but don't you believe 'em. I'm the man who invented the trapeze—at least, I'm the boy—that is, I invented it when I was a boy on the swing in our back-garden, the one we made under the old apple-tree, out of mother's clothes-line, and rubbed till it broke all to bits, and let Tom down that heavy that it put out his shoulder.

You see, it was from experimenting on that swing, hanging by my legs, by one hand, by two hands, and upside down, that I sowed the seeds of all those wonderful trapeze exploits that have, as we say in the bills, "thrilled expectant audiences in every nerve and fibre of their frames."

From doing things on the rope, we took to tumbling a little on the ground, tying ourselves in knots, walking on our hands; and I shall never forget the day that I first threw a somersault without touching the ground with my hands. That day was a marked one for me; first, because of the pride I felt as I ran in the field and spun over; second, because Tom was so jealous that he took a run and a jump, and came down on his back, making it so stiff and bad that he couldn't move hardly for a week.

At last, having done all this for our own amusement as boys, we had to give it up, for times got very hard at home. Poor father, who had only been a journeyman painter, fell ill and died, and mother moved to London, where, after a deal of trying, we boys got a job here and a job there at rough painting, for, from helping father at home, we were both pretty handy with the brush.

Times, however, were very hard with us, when one day we heard of a chance. The Royal Conduit Gardens were being done up in a hurry, the lessee having taken them, as it were, at the eleventh hour; and, being at a high rent, of course he wanted to get them open as soon as possible. Redecoration was the order of the day, and every man who could handle a brush was taken on, painters being scarce in the Spring.

Well, we went, and were soon busily at work, painting arbors and arches, and touching up orchestra and artificial sky till the Gardens were opened, when the manager, who was a very civil fellow, gave Tom and your humble servant a ticket for the opening day.

That was a treat for us, for we were in good spirits, having a few shillings in our pockets. We saw the theatricals, heard the music, looked at this, looked at that, and were thoroughly enjoying ourselves, until we joined the circle about to witness the performances of the Tanti-

palpiti family; and there we stood for some time seeing them walk on their hands, tie themselves in knots, and do a few clumsy somersaults. Then Tom looked at me, and I looked at him, and we went away laughing together at what we had seen.

"Why," said Tom at last, stopping short, and giving himself a tremendous slap on the thigh. "If I couldn't do that fly-over better than any one there, I'd eat my boots."

"It was poor, wasn't it?" I said.

"Poor!" echoed Tom; "it was shameful."

We walked home that night in silence; but no sooner were we in our room than Tom whips off his coat and waistcoat, and kicks away his boots, and then goes through half-a-dozen of our old tricks—rather stiffly, but better than anything we had seen.

"Have a try, old boy," he said; and I had a try; and the next day we nearly frightened our landlady to death, and sent her off searching for help to cut Tom down, because he had hung himself from a hook in the ceiling.

They got used to our antics at last, and took no notice of us, as we tried hard to get off that stiffness, for the same idea had struck us both—that we had better take to tumbling, than paint and starve.

"It strikes me," said Tom, "that if we get a rope or two, and some cross-bars fixed, we can rather astonish some of them; anyhow, we'll see."

I quite agreed with Tom; and, a short time after, as bold as brass, we applied to the manager of the Gardens for an engagement. Of course, he wanted to see what we could do; so a couple of ropes were fitted up over the stage of the little hall, a bar was tied across like a swing; and on it we set to, turning over, hanging by hands and toes and the backs of our heads, and playing such daring pranks, that we brought down the house—that is to say, the lessee and his friends applauded loudly; and I believe I never felt so happy in my life as when he engaged us on the spot at a salary.

For the whole of that season we were as successful as could be; and, through constant practice, we got to be very handy, and did our tricks in a way which the newspapers called graceful; but, as a matter of course, there were soon a host of imitators; and, at the beginning of next season, people wanted something new, and the manager asked us if we couldn't introduce something—"It must be wonderfully exciting, you know," he said, "or else it won't take. You'd think that was strong enough for them," he continued, pointing to a balloon; "but, for bless you, they don't care now for balloons. Go and think it over. For my part I thought of proposing a trapeze at the top of the two highest scaffold-poles we can get."

I started a bit as he said that; and just then the balloon rose and went away swiftly and lightly over the trees, while I watched it thoughtfully, for I had got an idea in my head.

The next morning I talked it over with Tom, who agreed to it in a minute; and we shook hands over it slowly, for our minds were made up.

When the manager engaged us first, he said our name wouldn't do a bit. The Tanti-palpiti name, he said, was by rights Bodge. The consequence was (as I have said), we went in for French; so the announcement of the "Grand Trapeze Act" of "Les Frères Provengaux" was advertised all over London.

How well I remember that bright June day, when, going forward in our grand dresses, all lights, satin, ruff, and spangles, we were greeted with a roar of applause, and saw that the Gardens were crammed with people, in the middle of whom was the great balloon ready filled, and swinging about as it tugged at its ropes.

"How do you feel, Tom?" I said, looking at him.

"Brave as a lion, my boy," he says, stoutly.

"It's no more than doing it twenty feet high."

"True," I said; "and it is as easy to be drowned in sixty as in six hundred feet of water."

The next minute we were holding the trapeze-bars, close to the balloon, waiting the signal for it to rise; and now, for the first time, I felt a sensation of fear, and I'll tell you what gave it to me—the people, instead of cheering us as soon as we began to rise, kept perfectly silent, and that seemed to go right through me; for you must know that what we had been advertised to do was to perform our rope and bar tricks right under the balloon, twenty feet below the car, and that without anything to save us if we should make a slip.

There was no time for fear, though; and the next minute we were doing it as coolly as could be, as we rose fifty, a hundred, a thousand feet in the air, and floated away out of sight.

I don't recall that I was so very glad to get up into the car, for the excitement kept me from feeling afraid; I remember thinking, though, that Tom looked rather pale.

Then we wrapped up well, and enjoyed our first hour's ride till we came down right away in Kent.

I should think we had done this about a month; and all through that month there was ringing in my ears the words of a woman who said out loud on the second time we went up: "Ah, they'll do that once too often." Suppose, I thought to myself, we do it once too often! But then there came the thought of the money, and that drove away a great deal of my timidity, as I told myself that a man might play such antics for his whole life, and never fall.

Well, as I said, we had been doing it about a month, when one evening we took our places as usual. It was an extra night, and the largest balloon was to ascend; our rope, too, was to be lengthened to thirty feet, and at that distance below the car we were to swing about as usual.

You may say we ought to have been used to

it by this time; there are things, though, which you never do get used to, try how you will, and this was one of them.

The bands were playing away their best; the people were eagerly looking at the half-a-dozen acrobats who were to ascend; the manager of the balloon was there; the signal was given, and the people got in. Then the balloon was allowed to rise so high that our trapeze swung clear, when I hung from it by my legs, holding a cross-bar in my hands, over which Tom threw his legs, and hung head downward; and then away we went, up through the soft evening air, so slowly that Tom's hands touched the top of one of the elm-trees as he waved about a couple of flags.

Our custom was to hang quite still till we were up four or five hundred feet, and then to begin our twining and twisting, and so we did now, when Tom pitched away the flags, and we went through our tricks, rising higher and higher, with the faces of the confused crowd getting mixed into a dense mass, and the strains of the band growing fainter and fainter, till all below was quite mingled in a faint hum.

We had only one more trick to do, and that was to cast loose the bar, and each man swing by his own rope. I had loosened my end, the perspiration streaming down me the while, and Tom had done the same, when, swinging round toward me with a horrible white face, he exclaimed: "Ben, old man, I'm going to fall!"

It's no use; I couldn't tell you how I felt then, if I had tried ever so, only that in half a second I saw Tom lying a horrible crushed corpse far below; and I felt so paralyzed that I thought I should have let go of my own rope and fallen myself. I could act, though, and I did, for in a flash I had given myself a jerk forward, and thrown myself against Tom, flinging my legs round him and holding him tightly; and then, tired as I was, I felt that I had double weight to sustain, for Tom's rope was swinging to and fro, and as my legs clung round his body, his head hung down, and I knew he must have fainted.

How I managed to hold on, I can't tell now, for though weak with all I had done, I managed to give a hoarse cry for help, and the next moment I heard a cry of horror from the basket-work car.

Then I felt the rope begin to jerk as they began to haul us up, and I managed to shriek out: "No! no!" for if they had hauled any longer, they must have jerked poor Tom from my hold.

I often ask myself whether it was half an hour or only a few seconds before I saw a rope lowered with a big running noose, and then I've a misty notion of having set my teeth fast on the rope, as I felt a dreadful weight, as of lead, dragging at me. Then I felt that it was all over, and I knew that I had been the death of poor Tom, for he had seemed to fall, as I felt the rope by which I hung jerk again violently. I saw the earth below like a map, and the golden clouds up above the great net-covered ball, and then a mist swam before my eyes, and all seemed black and thick as night.

When I came to, I was lying on my back in the car, with a man pouring brandy between my lips. My first words were gasped out in a husky tone, for I did not know where I was; and then I remember bursting out into quite a shriek, as I cried: "Where's Tom?"

"Here, old man," he said, for they had managed to drag us both into the car; and for the next hour we sat there shivering, saturated with cold perspiration; even the men in the car being silent, unnerved, as I suppose, by our narrow escape.

Tom wanted to go again, but I wouldn't let him. "I did not tremble," he said; "it was only a sudden fit of giddiness through being unwell."

I went up, though, many times afterward alone, on horses and on bulls; and I meant to have had a car of flying swans for a grand hit, when Government stepped in and put a stop to it; and, as I said before, very sorry I was, for it was my living.

A POLAR LEGEND.

THE legend, as it exists in Russia, is as follows: Russia the Holy, extending from the Cold Sea to the Girdle Mountains (Ural), was a garden of God. The lower jaw of a primitive animal now in the Museum at St. Petersburg shows that the animals living at that time were so large that, compared with them, the huge mammoth appears a dwarf. Human beings were then good. The trees blossomed and bore delicious fruit. But then the Lord transformed all this beauty into a barren, icy desert. It was on a Friday. Christ had been crucified on the distant Golgotha, while to that disciple whom Jesus loved, and who had lain his head on his Master's breast, death came not. "So I will," Jesus had said of him, "that he remain until I come." And John lived. But his words of warning, "Love ye one another," were unheeded. Hatred and envy followed him wherever he preached. From place to place and from land to land, John with his disciples fled, finding nowhere rest. Finally he arrived in Russia. It was on a Friday—Chari Friday. Before him had gone Ahasuerus, the eternal Jew, announcing what he had done and what had happened to him. His life was a curse, and he could not find rest. And as John entered the temples of the land and exhorted the people to peace and to return to love, from which they had been led astray by the beauty and luxuriance of the land, they made fun of him, and drove him out of the land with his disciples toward the north. But wherever the apostle went he shook the dust from his feet, and the land was transformed into a bleak, icy desert. Snow and ice settled upon the land—the earth was clad in eternal Winter. But John, driven away by the wrath of the people, who considered his stay among them as a curse for the land, fled toward the north. Arriving

there, a ship received him, and he was taken out of the reach of his foes. The ship was steered toward the north, and no one ventured to follow. Behind it the sea froze to—the waves were transformed into ice—the eternal Winter came. But the tradition of John's fleeing and his expected return remained in the land.

Frau Saga told the poor Russian serf: In the high North, in the ice-free sea surrounding the North Pole, and upon a beautiful island, John lives with his disciples. No one can get to him, because impenetrable ice surrounds his retreat. But from time to time he sends forth one of his disciples, through the open sea, through the barrier of ice, which opens to him as he advances to earth once more, where he again preaches to mankind the gospel of love. His reward, however, is death; he dies, persecuted by hatred and envy. Death is the reward of his love. But when the last disciple shall have been sent out and his love rewarded with death, then John himself will come forth and preach the doctrines of peace and love, and bring to torpid Russia a new Spring. Then Russia will again become a garden of God, and mankind will be better.

NEWS BREVITIES.

STATE fairs are in order.

ETHEREAL mildness has arrived.

HERRING are being caught in Salt Lake.

THERE are 49 lawyers in the Ohio Legislature.

THERE are 10,000 colonels in the Virginia militia.

EMANCIPATION DAY is to be generally observed.

THE British Museum Library has now 1,000,000 books.

SEVERAL British naval officers are examining our coast defenses.

THE ratio of whisky-shops to churches in Portland, Or., is as ten to one.

PROFESSOR MORSE, of telegraph fame, has been stricken with paralysis.

ENGLISH speculators are beginning to ship paste diamonds to South Africa.

THERE is a Mormon society of 50 members among the miners at Scranton, Pa.

A POEM 3,500 feet long was sent to a New Orleans paper with a request to publish it.

EVERY cat in Paris is to be taxed at the rate of about a dollar and a quarter per annum.

INDIANA boasts of an inhabitant who was put into jail before he was twenty-four hours old.

THE lake tunnel at Cleveland has thus far cost \$214,038.88; 2,300 feet remain to be excavated.

STRAUSS, the great waltz-composer, has accepted an invitation to assist at the Boston Festival.

"WHITE WHALE," a big chief of the Winnebago tribe in Illinois, has been giving exhibitions of archery.

THE following is concise enough: A Tennessee negro had a quarrel with a locomotive. Age unknown.

ANY person selling whisky to a child of scholastic age, in the State of Illinois, is liable to a fine of \$25.

A LIVELY opening for business is reported from Mason City, Ill., where a new forty-acre cemetery is for sale.

A GENUINE lion is sauntering around San José, Cal., and the citizens are keeping remarkably good hours.

IN New York, recently, a burglar was caught refreshing himself in the bath-tub of the house he was robbing.

A NEW ballet has been brought out at Rome, founded upon the "Divina Commedia," in which a dancing Dante appears.

MR. PALMER GALLUP, of Mystic River, Conn., threatens to be at the Joston Jubilee with the "biggest bass viol on earth."

IN consequence of the rapid consumption of the forests in Russia, no fuel but coal is now permitted to be used on the railways.

THE marriage of two sons of the second wife to two daughters of the third wife of the same man is a curious event which is said to have occurred in Essex County, Va.

THE Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has produced at Vienna an operetta entitled "Le Cordonnier de Strasbourg." The critics say he imitates both Verdi and Offenbach.

EAGER for improvement, the colored men and brethren of Thomasville, Ga., have organized a debating society, which opens with prayer and closes with wool-pulling and shin-kicking, butting being strictly forbidden.

MANCHESTER, Tenn., has a wonderful car in which, from time to time, huge bones come to light. It has lately been explored, and the usual lakes, passages, halls, stalactites and stalagmites have been discovered in profusion.

THE persecutions of the native Christians in Japan are said to be so terrible that England will probably interfere. Sixty-seven were recently killed at once, by starvation, exposure on frozen ponds, filling the mouth with hot coals, and other tortures.

THE Buffalo and Titusville oil-freighting railroad, of which so much has been said, is a fact of the near future. The cross cut, or Jamestown route, has been selected. It is 111 miles long, and the subscription already amounts to nearly half a million dollars, sufficient to secure an organization and a mortgage.

THE Michigan liquor law has had the effect to bring out the following scheme for the sale of the popular beverage: "You put your ten cents on a spot marked 'whisky'; the apparatus revolves, and directly you see a glass of whisky standing before you, and you don't know, of course, who gave it to you or how it came there."

A BAD case of accidental shooting is reported from Cincinnati, where a female trapeze-performer, Rosa Rand, was killed by her alleged husband, named James Davis. A pistol had been left on the mantel of their room, cocked. The chambermaid noticed it, and spoke to Rosa, who afterward asked Davis to unlock it and put it away. As he was doing so, with a small dog on one arm, the pistol went off, the ball taking effect in the woman's head, and causing almost instant death.



THE WORK AND WORKERS ON THE CINCINNATI PLATFORM

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



BRITISH CHANNEL.—A SCENE ON THE DECK OF A STEAMER ON THE VOYAGE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 71.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A DEAD SET—The corset.

WHERE did Noah preserve the bees during the flood? In the ark-hives.

IN Boston they call foundling-hospitals asylums for anonymous infants.

AMONG the warmest friends of the one-term principle are the convicts at Joliet.

BULWER says poverty is only an idea. It's about the only idea some people ever have.

PUNCH says he has observed that the unfortunate man's friends live a long way off.

THE youngster may be coaxed to bed early on Christmas Eve, but he is apt to make his presents known early in the morning.

A POETICAL LEAP YEAR LETTER.—A gentleman of Taunton, Mass., was reminded of its being "leap year," and the right thus accorded to women, by lately receiving from a lady the following letter, which for its kind is quite unique:

DEAR SIR—While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things, The fates of empires and the fall of kings, While quacks of state must each produce his plan, And even children list the rights of man, Amidst this mighty fuss just let me mention, The rights of women merit some attention.

Knowing that your chivalric nature will grant me "some attention," I embrace this opportunity, coming but once in four years, to write to you, and you will pardon me if I steal from other words appropriate. As

None but the brave deserve the fair, you are "the favored one of all the king's dominions."

Strange bonds unite us here below, One life controls another, And much of human weal or woe Depends upon a lover.

I assure you, although "lost to sight," you are to "memory dear," else why should I be "dreaming the happy hours away"? But if to "wander alone through this world's wilderness" is to be my fate, I have for consolation,

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air. Little can I grace my cause in speaking for myself, therefore

I throw myself upon my knees. Mr. — would you, could you please— But every thought has slipped away, And so I in confusion say, I'm sound in body and in mind; If you are so, then we'll be joined.

If "joining" be not to your mind, then know that There are fishes still a-swimming, Just as lucious every way As those that hissed and spluttered In the saucen yesterday. As "more is meant than meets the ear," So how this mighty plea may end, No mortal might can tell.

Delay not long.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

(From the Money Market Review, London).

"In whatever way the Northern Pacific Railroad is regarded, whether as to executive management, route, resources, or business, it is a great enterprise of universal interest. The Northern portion of the American continent is rapidly becoming the bond of union between the trade of Asia and of Europe. Its railways, and especially the Northern Pacific Railway, will naturally command a great through traffic; and the local business will increase year by year with the development of the country. The line passes through one of the best wheat-growing regions in the world, and through districts teeming with many kinds of mineral wealth. These are the elements that attract population, and population implies industry, by which wealth is accumulated and distributed."

CHICAGO, Jan. 22, 1872.

F. W. FARWELL, Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Co.:

DEAR SIR—Our experience with the Babcock Fire Extinguisher on this road (we have 230 of the machines) has confirmed our first estimate of it, as a most desirable safeguard. We have saved our buildings repeatedly, and in one or two instances have prevented what we may reasonably suppose would have been large conflagrations.

I cannot too strongly commend them. Their general use would render a fire a rare circumstance.

Yours truly,

ROBERT HARRIS,

Gen'l Sup't Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Dr. A. K. Gardner, of New York, says there is not the slightest foundation for the vague and interested statements that the light Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine is injurious to feminine health. We speak advisedly when we deny most positively that any form of disease is traceable to its proper use by any woman in health. For twenty years we have carefully watched the progress of the Sewing Machine, visited the large factories where it is used by the hundred, questioning the makers, the foremen in the workshops, the girls daily working them, and never yet have been able to trace a single disease as having originated from the use of this domestic implement. See the new improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

AT RICHARD MEARES', corner of Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, the ladies of the metropolis and vicinity congregated in crowds on Tuesday, April 24, to witness the opening display of Spring Fashions and Novelties in every department of feminine costume. To particularize the varied articles would be an endless task, but we can with modesty say that of all "the openings," not one has received more eulogistic comment.

Transforming the Complexion.—The transformations produced by HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM are quite as astonishing as any scene on the stage of a theatre. That famous beautifier transmutates a sallow, peevish-looking complexion into one in which the lily and the rose vie for admiration, and imparts to a dry, harsh skin the softness of perfect loveliness.

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For Moth Patches, Freckles,

AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION—the only reliable and harmless remedy for Brown Discolorations of the Face. Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 49 Bond Street, N. Y.

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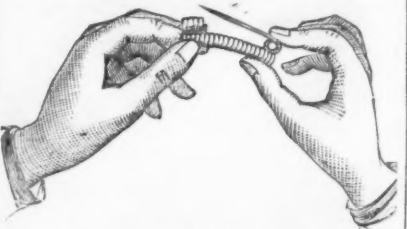
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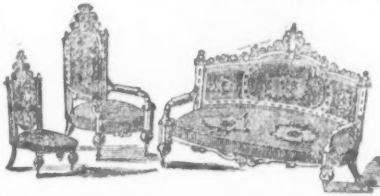
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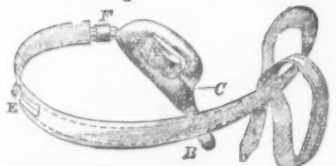
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